

# THE SUNFLOWER

AN EXPONENT OF THE SPIRITUAL PHILOSOPHY: ITS SCIENCE, AND ALLIED SUBJECTS

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## LECTURE

DELIVERED BY

MRS. H. L. P. RUSSEGUE

OF HARTFORD, CONN., BEEORE

### THE NEW YORK STATE SPIRITUALIST CONVENTION

At Plymouth Church, Rochester, N. Y., Sunday  
Evening, October 13, 1907

Mrs. Russegue first read a poem, entitled *A Good Time Now* (printed elsewhere on this page), and then said:

I select for my subject this evening that passage of scripture with which nearly all of you are familiar:

"Eye hath not seen, ear hath not heard, nor yet hath entered into the hearts of men, the things God hath prepared for those who love him."

The wonders contained in the laws of life are not written so that "he who runs may read," but we must peer with intelligent vision into the mysteries that surround us, to learn the problems and forces which are unfolding in and through them. None of the potencies of nature are seen; none of the forces which dominate the human soul are seen; none of the inherent life that quickens the functions of men is seen. We do not hear; our ears are not attuned to the wonderful activities of the spirit of the universe. It is an acknowledged truth that the spirit inhering all life is the power that moves the world. When the spirit is withdrawn or its vibrations cease, that have continued to make themselves manifest through our understanding, there comes before us a condition which we call inanimation, but there is no such thing as life or death that has not within it the animation of the spirit which in some of its phases or forms makes manifest. The man who lives, and thinks, and speaks to us, he who is moving it may be with a mighty power the opinions of the age, he who by revelations from the spirit on high may have touched the very well-spring of life, tomorrow the body may be inanimate, but we must stop to consider that never before was it so active. Never before was every part and particle of that human organism so active in its dissolution as it is after the spirit leaves it, and yet it is but the spirit of life that is constantly changing its aspects, constantly changing its vibrations, constantly changing its character, which is presenting to our understanding the fact that there is no death in this universe of man, high or low, that is susceptible to and is a part of the eternal kingdom of life.

Eye hath not seen God; eye hath not seen spirit; eye hath not seen goodness; eye hath not seen justice; eye hath not seen the law that dominates the universe, and reveals in its unfolding to the understanding of man. You witness its manifestation, its operation. You do not see, unless you are able to measure with the stereoscope, the vibrations of life that are coming down through the atmosphere, looking upon your vision. You do not see the radiation of peace, unless you are in a condition that you may measure its vibration. You do not see the energies that combine the forces that inhere nature. You do not see the power by which oxygen and hydrogen create water. You do not see what there is in this universe, by which the combination of oxygen, hydrogen, and nitrogen, air is produced. You do not see the forces that by their combined energies they are sending forth manifestations that reveal objective life.

The spirit that belongs to the present has belonged to the world always. It has been the power that has unfolded all the revelations in science, in art, in religion, in all the energies and

forces that are making themselves manifest today. You do not see electricity. You may see the life it induces, you may discern the manifestations of its power when applied to the apparatus which combines the condensation of that force, and produces a certain effect. You do not see the magnetic aura which surrounds yourself, upon which manifestations of mind and body are going out into the universe, carrying upon those vibrations your history, your character, yourselves, and are speaking in no uncertain tone, that the senses may read, and hear, yea, and know you as you are. You do not see the power that is speaking through psychometry, and yet it peers down into the darkness of the earth, it resurrects metals from the very beds in which they lie, and brings them up and dissolves them and recognizes their relationship to all nature, finds their home, recognizes where they are embedded, knows the law that produced them, and brings forth the riches of nature. It applies to man as well. You are speaking when your lips and tongues are silent, you are speaking in tones which reach to the uttermost bounds of earth and nature, telling to the world what you are, how you are, what you think, how you live, what your moral conduct is, what your spiritual unfolding is, what the revelations of your nature are, what you are, and every aspect and every relation to your fellow creatures. Eye cannot see the mighty power of the universe. Eye cannot see the winds that are moving the objects upon the earth, that are lifting the sea into the great billow.

The eye does not see all the conditions that belong to the outer world. It can only discern the manifestation of those powers, and so it is with your spiritual natures. Eye cannot see what your spirit is, but the eye can discern what your spiritual manifestation is. Eye can discern your character, eye can discern your conduct, eye can discern the potencies in your life as they are embodied in the activities of which you are a part. The ear hath not heard the wonders of the universe, it has not heard the deafening sound that inheres this universe, but the spiritual life in its enlarging is constantly bringing home to the consciousness of men the wonders that belong to this universe. Today the world is coming to the understanding that other planets about the earth are inhabited, they are finding there myriads of men. You may go back with me if you please to the great pyramid of Ghizeh, man does not know when it was formed, he does not know how it was formed, but he who conceived of it was a mathematician, he was not only a geologist, but he was an astronomer, he was not only an astronomer, but he had a human conception of the relationship of the material world to the spiritual world. Upon it the distances were measured between all the planets outside and the earth. The distances were all measured as if they were to square all the conditions of the universe.

The mean temperature of the earth is constantly existent, within one of its chambers, all the laws of mathematics and astronomy are demonstrated by that formation, that wonderful

#### A GOOD TIME NOW

THE world is strong with a mighty hope  
Of a good time yet to be,  
And carefully casts the horoscope  
Of her future destiny.  
And poet, and prophet, and priest, and sage,  
Are watching with anxious eye  
To see the light of promised age  
On the waiting world arise.  
Oh, weary and long seems that time to some,  
Who under life's burdens bow,  
For, while they wait for that time to come,  
They forget 't is a good time now.

THE world rests not with a careless ease  
On the wisdom of the past—  
From Moses, and Plato, and Socrates,  
It is onward advancing fast;  
And the words of Jesus, and John, and Paul,  
Stand out from the lettered page,  
And the living presence contains them all  
In the spirit that moves the age.  
Great, earnest souls, through the truth made free,  
No longer in blindness bow,  
And the good time coming—the yet-to-be—  
Has begun with the good time now.

THEN up, nor wait for the promised hour,  
For the good time now is best,  
And the soul that uses its gift of power  
Shall be in the present blest.  
Whatever the future may have in store,  
With a will there is ever a way,  
And none need burden the soul with more  
Than the duties of today.  
Then up, with a spirit brave and free,  
And put the hand to the plow,  
Nor wait for the good time yet to be,  
But work for the good time now.

—Lizzie Doten.

pile of stone. Who did it? What power conceived it? You never saw, you could not see, eye hath not seen it, ear hath not heard it, but the soul, the living soul of man, conceived it and formulated and builded that wonderful monument, and it lives today as it were a monument to the great achievement of intellect. All these qualities are spiritual, they belong to the spiritual nature of the universe, they belong to the spiritual nature of man, they belong to what? I dare affirm, to the God within man, that sees, and hears, and feels, and responds to the God without. We do not discover truth until we seek it. We do not recognize truth, until we seek it, and it has been most divinely declared that those who struggle and aspire shall see the manifestations of it, recognizing the inhering soul that belongs to all people, all classes of mankind, whether they be of this century, or of all the ages preceding us. We are spiritually the inheritors of all life that has passed before us. We are the inheritors of the ages, and notwithstanding their ecclesiastic law, that there is nothing new under the sun, yet there is the same law, the same potency, the same spirit, the same God, here, there, and everywhere, and there is nothing new in the law, but it is revealing its inhered qualifications.

Nature is God's revelator; nature is the redeemer of mankind, out of and free from sin. Because, if we study its evolution, we are brought into a close communion, not only with the God of the universe outside, but the God within the universe, the God in man, the thing, the power, the force, that sees, and hears, and comprehends the law. He who finds God here in human nature is he who enthrones the Divine Spirit upon reason, upon justice, upon the human relationships that are dwelling within man, by

which all are bound together in one Divine unity. There is and can be no such thing as a separation from God. He is in everything, in the grain of sand, in the air around us, in the stars that shine over our heads, in the vibration of electric forces that fill the universe, in the great power that gilds the skies, and beautifies the earth, in all that fills our atmosphere, in all that quickens our thought, in all that inspires our spirit, in all that unfolds our intelligence, in all that unites us by one great tie to the Fatherhood of God, which creates, and is creating, the Brotherhood of Man. When the world comes to the understanding that there is nothing in this universe but that may be resolved into spirit, may be resolved to that condition that it will disappear from our vision. Every rock of the earth, every drop of water, every particle of matter, everything that is, can be resolved to spirit, to vapor, can pass out of sight, and yet is existent and lives everywhere, and is subject to formation and reformation. Thus upon this law the Theosophist bases his theory of incarnation. Man comes from the earth a spiritual being, but he comes not unclothed, He is wrapped in his spiritual garment, he retains every characteristic of his nature, love, memory, the power to analyze thought, to analyze principle, to analyze theory, to analyze law. If he can in every evidence of his spiritual intellect enter within to the higher life, then why, if this be true, should he be denied the privilege of expression? There is an instrumentality by which and through which he is defining his nature in the higher life. There is a potency everywhere in the universe, it is in the beauty of the flower, in the rays of the sun, in the air of the morning, in the vesper hymn at evening, in the twinkle of the

stars, in the music that fills the air everywhere, and in the love which fills the souls of men. There is this element in nature, and it is the breath of God, which has been breathed into the nostrils of man, and which constitutes the living soul.

Spiritualism, friends, has brought to us the revelation by which we can see and feel that kinship of spirit. Modern Spiritualism has revealed not only the fact, not the hope alone, but the fact, that beyond the grave there is a conscious life, that man carries with him over the threshold leading into the immortal sphere.

Modern Spiritualism proves that man retains his memory, every intellectual faculty that he has ever possessed, and enables him to come back to this plane of life and tell the story of his conscious existence. Glimpses have been caught all the way through the history of humanity of these possibilities. It does not belong to Modern Spiritualism that thinking scientific men have been led to know that there is life beyond this. When Socrates was consulted as to what should be done with his body, after he had partaken of the hemlock, said, "I do not care, so long as you do not think it is me", and he also declared, how delightful it would be, when I am there, I can ask questions of the mighty spirit, and they can be answered intelligently. Think, friends what it is to enter into that realm of spirit, with its larger comprehension of truth, a more embracing wisdom that envelopes the universe, that is not only the great shield and canopy of life, but it is the living spring that is welling up to human souls. Oh, when humanity comes to this wonderful knowledge, there will be a better world, there will be a better people, there will be a higher standard of morality, there will be a sweeter and more direct communion of soul to soul, men may not utter sound, but they will be seen and heard for what they are.

Julian Hawthorne declared, that the time is near at hand when we will need no words to convey our opinions from one to another, we will need no uttered language, there will be an expression in the eye, there will be a light shining from the countenance, there will be an emanation from the soul that will convey our thoughts, and will speak in clearer tones than words have ever done. When that time comes it will be all sunshine. When we know that psychometry is true, when we know that any man or woman can read your character, and tell you what you are, not what you seem to be, that they, by coming in contact with you, by the grasp of your hand, by the utterance of a word, or sitting in a chair which you have occupied, or living in a house in which you have dwelt, coming into that close relationship as to your nature, so as to be familiar with your virtues and vices, and knowing what is going on within you, instead of what you possess, the world will be better.

That time is coming, and what does it mean? It means heart speaking to heart, soul speaking to soul, and when Dr. Buchanan coined the word "psychometry" it only implied the real interpretation of what that development is, soul measure. The world is unfolding in wisdom. Science today is not the science of an hundred years ago. Why, 25 years ago there were 71 elements in chemistry recognized. Today, there are more than 100 discovered. The chemist of today would not retrace his steps through the path that he might dare perceive only what he knew. Because of his persistent and earnest investigation he has discovered more than man has ever dreamed of.

Once there was a planet discovered, simply because of the erratic motion of another planet, and 100 years ago it would have been considered a phenomenon, or a mystery produced by the divine spirit, that man had not the right to question. Forty years ago the telescope was pointed to that wonderful planet, and its erratic motion could be discerned with great

(Continued on page 8.)





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counts for Time and Space.

Mrs. M. S. Greenamyer writes that  
after closing a two-months' engage-  
ment in Cleveland she was at St. Louis,  
visiting a son, and from there goes to  
Lake Helen, Fla., for the winter.

The Two Worlds, of Manchester,  
England, kindly mentions the changes  
in the personnel of the Sunflower as  
follows:

We note that the Sunflower, for  
many years edited by friend Bach, and  
published at Lily Dale, N. Y., has  
changed hands. It is now issued at  
Hamburg, N. Y., and edited by Frank  
Walker, who was the organizing secre-  
tary of the Jubilee Celebration held in  
America in 1898. We send good wishes  
to our contemporary.

Stapleton, S. I., Nov. 4, 1907.  
Editor Sunflower:

It has been a great pleasure to me to  
find the Sunflower continuing its weekly  
visits to my home. When the popular  
and practical editor, Mr. Bach, offered  
for sale the Sunflower and outfit, I felt  
lonely, but now that it has found a safe  
harbor and a brave captain to man its  
continued existence, and to steer its  
course throughout the world, carrying  
spiritual pabulum to the hungry souls  
of men, I am greatly pleased, and feel  
satisfied that you will be sustained in  
the noble task you have undertaken.

I know something of the difficult  
position of an editor, and the struggle  
connected with the most vital questions  
concerning their lives here and here-  
after. The burning facts vouchsafed  
by God through nature, the science,  
philosophy and religion deduced from  
those facts, proving the truth of man's  
immortality. I wish you the success  
that your good work warrants.

Enclosed find my subscription for one  
year.

Sincerely, your friend,  
(Mrs.) M. E. WILLIAMS.

#### IMPORTANT NOTICE.

To Spiritualists of New York State.

Dates are now being arranged for  
State Association meetings and the  
work of our State organizer and  
missionary for the fall and winter  
campaign.

We shall be glad to hear from  
Spiritualists from all parts of the  
State, especially in localities where  
there are no organized societies, with  
a view to making arrangements for  
the holding of State Association meet-  
ings.

We urge each Spiritualist to co-  
operate with the State Board in this  
matter, and request that you let us  
hear from you soon with information  
as to conditions in your locality.  
Write either to Mrs. T. U. Reynolds,  
Troy, N. Y., or to the president of  
the State Association.

H. W. RICHARDSON, Pres.  
East Aurora, New York.

#### The Sundowner.

A "swagman" or "swaggle"—so  
called from the "swag" or personal  
luggage wrapped up in a blanket  
strapped to his back—is a genuine Aus-  
tralian traveler in search of work, but  
a "sundowner" is the antipodean pro-  
fessional tramp. The sundowner  
strolls from one squatter's station to  
another, always taking care to arrive  
at sunset, for it is the traditional prac-  
tice of Australian squatters to give  
food and shelter to all comers for the  
night.—Kansas City Independent.

Old age is, as it were, the altar of  
ills. We may see them all taking refu-  
ge in it.—Marcus Aurelius.

Culture indicates superiority, and su-  
periority impresses others.—Marden.

## SPIRIT, SOUL AND BODY.

To see with any clearness the idea  
enshrined in the universe and man  
requires certain powers of observation,  
freedom of thought, and, above all, a  
feeling of sympathy and unity with  
all that exists. To understand Nature  
we must be natural. To comprehend  
the universe our sympathies must be  
universal. It is their lack of this  
naturalness—this universality—that is  
ever the stumbling-block to true  
comprehension.

Here we are, at all events, in Na-  
ture. We derive from Nature food  
for both body and mind, and from her  
ample store gather what our limited  
faculties permit of knowledge and  
experience.

However, there are so many partic-  
ular and minor matters to distract our  
attention that it is difficult to concen-  
trate one's thoughts on the spirit that  
comprehends the whole—the universal  
spirit! We live so much in parts and  
particulars that most people have al-  
most lost the sense of a great unity—  
fountain of all energy, physical, men-  
tal, and spiritual, that unites each  
atom to the whole, and the whole to  
it.

Physical science helps our feeble  
exposition of a mighty subject by tel-  
ling us that matter is only another  
term for force. There are atoms,  
molecules, and electrons, but all are  
force. Force producing immensely  
rapid revolutions in the ether.

And what is the Universal Spirit?  
The sum of all energy (force), the  
source of all life and being, the foun-  
tain of all love and beneficence, for  
are not these latter parts of the  
universal energy? Thus we arrive at  
the idea of an Infinite All-Comprehend-  
ing Unity in which we live, move,  
and have our being. This energy is  
incomprehensible to us in its initial  
condition as pure spirit, but in its  
action it comes within the scope of our  
powers of realization.

It gives itself; first by evolving  
forms and ideas in the spirit, and  
second by evolving these into that  
mode of manifestation which we call  
the material.

The trinity of the Universal Spirit  
is:—

1. The source.
2. The going forth, or giving itself.
3. The result. Manifestation, at  
first spiritual, afterwards material.

There is really nothing that can  
truly be called "creation." The  
universal spirit makes nothing apart  
or separate from itself. It comprehends  
and includes all, spiritual or material.  
It is, as an old writer says, "The All  
in All." In a lesser degree man finds  
his own nature an exact replica in  
miniature of that infinite nature—a  
microcosmic trinity:—

1. Man is a spirit.
2. Man's spirit gives itself. Evolves  
spiritual entities the sphere of which  
is what we call soul.
3. There is evolved by the spirit  
acting through the soul that conception  
of things we call the material.

Both these trinities, that of the  
universal spirit and the other of Na-  
ture, of which we are part, are aids  
to comprehension, but in reality we  
lose grip of the whole matter if we  
fail to see that the universal spirit  
comprehends the whole, and cannot be  
conceived as divided or separated into  
any component parts.

Consequently, as in the greater so  
in the less. Man's whole being is  
comprehended in the word spirit; soul  
and body are but means to the realiza-  
tion of his microcosmic unity. Spirit  
by its very nature is eternal, and by  
eternal is meant having neither  
beginning nor end.

If we consider the responsibility of  
man—the freedom of the will—it is  
necessary to separate the conscious-  
ness into two for greater clearness.

Man is responsible just to the extent  
that his higher consciousness of the  
spirit dominates and controls the low-  
er consciousness of the soul and body.  
If this control is complete in all  
respects, and all desire for separate-  
ness or individual life has ceased, then  
man has become a Christ—one with  
the infinite life—has been "born  
again" into a new life, is redeemed  
and sanctified. If the higher conscious-  
ness only affects the lower to a very  
limited extent, the man may be a  
thief or murderer, or worse, he may  
be a selfish tyrant without any con-  
sciousness of having done wrong. He  
cannot remain so, for the spirit  
consciousness never ceases to act till  
it has subdued and dominated the  
lower consciousness. The former is  
never responsible for the aberrations  
of the latter. It continually influences,  
but never forces. It does not command  
or compel. It wooes and draws with  
cords of love, but the lower conscious-

## LOOKING FORWARD.

TO MY FRIEND.

(Written for the Sunflower.)

O what will it be when the days have flown,  
And our work 'mid the gloom is complete—  
When we pause on the shore of the great unknown,  
With weary and hesitant feet—  
To catch the dear gleam of her beckoning hand,  
The glad light of her welcoming smile,  
And know she is there by the sea-washed strand  
On the shore of the beautiful isle?

O what will it be in the glad surprise  
Of the radiant dawn, evermore  
To bask in the light of her deep, shining eyes,  
And know that the parting is o'er?  
To walk by her side 'mid the flower-strewn braes,  
Where the sky by no cloud is o'er-cast—  
To know that the shadowy, lonely days  
And the heart-break forever is past?

O what will it be to nevermore roam  
In the valley of sorrow and care—  
To rest in the glow of the beautiful home  
Her dear, busy hands have made fair?  
To list to the notes of her musical voice  
And look on her radiant face—  
To join in her work and with her rejoice  
In the truths of that heavenly place.

It will not be long, for already the sky  
Is aglow with the westering sun,  
And we know 'mid the gloom she is lingering nigh,  
To assist till our labor is done.  
We will try to be brave, though the waters of grief  
With deep, crested waves round us roll—  
For the lone, earthly journey will surely be brief  
To that far border-land of the soul.

—Emma Train.

ness can resist or reject. In the end  
it must submit, but meanwhile it may  
rebel.

When it does submit to that, all-  
compelling power, it finds itself  
brother to all humanity and to all Na-  
ture, and shares in the omniscience  
of the Universal Spirit of which it is  
a manifestation.—London Light.

#### Fragrance From the Other World.

Among the "incidents" published  
by Professor Hyslop in the "Journal  
of the American S. P. R." for  
September, are two which occurred to  
the same lady, Mrs. E. K., and which  
relate to what Professor Hyslop calls  
"an appeal to the sense of smell to  
produce an effect which may be  
explained in any way the reader  
prefers." He adds that the repetition  
of the experience gives it an unusual  
interest. The following is a summary  
of Mrs. K.'s narrative:—

My dear son, nineteen years old,  
was dying of quick consumption. In  
the room stood a small vase filled  
with violets, which I had brought  
several times to his bedside to let him  
smell their sweetness. The last time  
he whispered, "They are so sweet, I  
shall only raise violets when I am  
well." Soon after this he passed  
away; I laid the violets on his breast,  
and there they were when his body  
was laid in the grave. This was in  
March, 1894, and in August, as I was  
alone in my room, first a faint and  
then a very pronounced odor of violets  
filled the room, and something said  
within me, "Charlie is here." My  
remaining son came downstairs and  
said, "Mother, have you any violets  
here? Just now it smelled so strong  
of them in my room, it was so nice."  
"So Charlie has been with you  
also?" I could not refrain from say-  
ing. Every now and then, during the  
following winter, this fragrance of  
violets would thus suddenly be with  
us, and whoever happened to be there  
would smell it. Then, for some years,  
there were no violets brought to us in  
this way; my oldest son married, and  
his wife, when I spoke of it, said it  
was all imagination. One day in No-  
vember, 1904, I heard her ask, "Have  
you any violets hidden anywhere?"  
and when I went into the room, oh,  
the sweetness of it! a basket full of  
violets could not have filled the room  
with that fragrance more completely—  
no violets being there. We stood and  
marvelled, but I knew that Charlie had  
come again. Since we could not see  
him, this was a beautiful way for him  
to impress us with his presence.

I had another similar experience.  
In June, 1905, I was alone in the  
house, reading, when all of a sudden

the strong scent of incense, such as is  
used at High Mass in Catholic  
churches, filled the room, getting more  
and more pronounced every second, so  
that I wondered where it came from.  
Then the thought came to me, "Can it  
be that Ludwig has died, and has been  
thinking of me?" Ludwig was my  
first cousin, and Bishop of Dresden,  
Saxony. Ten days later I received the  
news that he had died on exactly the  
same day. We had been great friends  
in our youth, and it must be that in  
this manner he communicated with me.

The lady's daughter-in-law confirms  
the last incident of the violets, saying:  
"One day, on entering the sitting-  
room, I smelled the scent of violets  
strongly, and asked, 'Has anyone any  
violets here?' Mrs. K. came from the  
adjoining room and said 'No.' The  
scent lasted only a short time." Mrs.  
K.'s intuitive perception, or rather  
impression, as to the identity of  
the person denoted by the scent, in  
each case, still further enhances the  
interest of manifestations which she  
rightly, as Spiritualists will agree,  
ascribes to their true cause as evidences  
of spirit presence.

#### Bohemia's Rocky Maze.

The Rocky maze of Prachov, near  
Jacin, in northern Bohemia, is a ver-  
itable natural curiosity. It has been  
well described as a gigantic "freak in  
stone." To enter the labyrinth with-  
out a guide is a perilous proceeding,  
for an unwary adventurer would prob-  
ably speedily be lost in the tortuous  
windings of the maze, where the paths  
are so narrow and crooked and the  
cliffs on the side so high that the ex-  
plorer soon loses all idea of locality.  
In days of fiery persecution the Mora-  
vian and Bohemian brethren's secret  
prayer meetings used to be held here,  
just as the early Christians assembled  
to worship in the catacombs. The  
cliffs are honeycombed with cells, and  
at the far end of the maze is a rock  
castle, where in the old days a robber  
baron lived and took toll of all way-  
farers. The shape of some of the  
rocks is very curious. There are, for  
instance, the "bishop and miter," the  
"Madonna and the child" and many  
others.—London Scraps.

#### White and Black Lies.

"What," queried the young man, "is  
the difference between white lies and  
black lies?"  
"White lies," answered the home-  
grown philosopher, "are the kind we  
tell. Black lies are the kind we hear."  
—Chicago News.

#### The Obligate.

"I went to the opera last night."  
"What did you hear?"  
"That Mr. Browning is going to get  
a divorce. Mrs. Biggs has the dearest  
dog and a new baby, and the Huttons  
are going to live in India."—Harper's

## Evil Spirits---Human and Other.

The following is an editorial from  
The Two Worlds, published at Man-  
chester, England, of which excellent  
journal Mr. J. J. Morse is the editor:

Oriental mysticism undoubtedly in-  
fluenced Christian opinion in its earlier  
development, especially along the line  
of the existence of supernatural be-  
ings, and their relation to the universe  
and human life, while animism and  
voodooism, as understood by primitive  
and by savage races, entered largely  
into what is called "black magic."  
Devil and demon worship has prevailed  
for untold ages, and is still practised,  
with all its associated arts, by not a  
few races to-day.

The doctrine of evil spirits is of  
ancient origin, and is doubtless the  
foundation of the Christian ideas of  
Satan, hell, and the devils living  
therein.

The ordering of the race of evil  
spirits into the divisions of human,  
sub-human, and supra-human (really  
non-human), was an act of necessity,  
owing to the development of human  
intelligence, which called for a quasi  
philosophical interpretation of the na-  
ture and powers of such beings.

Coincidentally there ran therewith  
the combined influences of ignorance,  
fear and superstition, with the result  
that, in comparatively modern times  
medieval magic represented a sort of  
high watermark of magic in its various  
degrees of sorcery, necromancy, and  
witchcraft. Obsession, possession,  
spells, and curses by evil spirits played  
a baleful part in the lives of our  
ancestors, while not a few are believ-  
ers in such things to-day.

Undoubtedly there is some truth  
involved, for where there is smoke  
there may be safely said to be fire.  
What is needed now, as much as in  
former days, is the disentangling of  
the true from the false in such mat-  
ters. The assertions of priests, and  
the practices of magicians, need to be  
examined in the light of day, so that  
whatever truth there may be shall be  
made manifest, and whatever is false  
cast aside.

All religions teach the existence of  
evil spirits—of beings that are not  
and never were human: Shiva in In-  
dia, Shaitan in Persia, the Devil in  
Jerusalem, for example. Each  
is ministered to and helped by hosts  
of non-human evil creatures who prey  
upon mankind, and in the last case  
the entire evil of this life is said to  
have been introduced into this world  
by his agency. Do these assumptions  
rest upon any solid basis of fact? That  
is to say: Is there any proof that other  
than departed human spirits have ever  
been in active communication with this  
world? If not, how did the idea  
originate that such was a fact? Some  
may claim the nature origin for such  
ideas, which may apply to the greater  
powers of good and ill; but the second-  
ary classes of spirits, who help these  
alleged greater powers, have still to  
be accounted for, unless we fall back  
on pure animism, and associate with  
it the existence of elementary spirits.  
But even then, it would be found,  
upon analysis, the character ascribed  
to both the greater and lesser sorts is  
so distinctly human that one is com-  
pelled to conclude that whatever truth  
there may be about evil spirits, a hu-  
man, rather than a supernatural,  
source is their most likely origin.

In the early times of our movement  
there was a haunting dread of the  
presence and power of evil spirits.  
That many enquirers were religious  
people who still entertained a lingering  
belief in the Devil and his imps,  
should entertain such opinions was not  
to be wondered at; while, also, that  
not a few were somewhat familiar  
with the writings of certain occultists  
of the Middle Ages, who believed in  
such creatures, would also contribute  
to continue that belief. Some even  
professed a belief in the old Incubi  
and Succubi, and other horrible things  
floating in the air and living in spaces  
of the upper air, and lastly may be  
mentioned the fact that our subject in  
general, being more or less taboo by  
the ministry, who claimed it all came  
from the Devil (combined with spirits  
denying most of the orthodox dogmas),  
it is not unreasonable to suppose that a  
sort of unconscious fear of evil spirits  
permeated our ranks.

Calmly examined, what does it all  
amount to? So far as any reliable  
evidence goes to prove that the hor-  
rible creatures of occultist and later  
theosophist belief goes there is no  
valid proof of the operations of such  
dread beings in this world's affairs.  
That there is a danger zone no intel-  
ligent student of psychic investigation  
will deny; but a similar zone is to be



found in every community of earth. In every large center of population there is a black district wherein crime, vice, and evil living are rampant, while much of the same sort of action can be found in sections of society living outwardly proper lives. Thousands of such people pass into the next life, their sins upon their heads. Here and there they may be able, through injudicious circle holding, or the development of mediumship under improper conditions, to intrude, but such spirits are human, not non-human. The amount of their influence has been exaggerated out of all proportion to the facts of the case, while it cannot be denied that the morally weak in our ranks have used evil spirits much in the same way that others have used the Devil, as an excuse for their own derelictions. The lusts of the flesh are left with the body. Even on earth those lusts are constantly a diminishing force with advancing years, while there must be some sort of weakness in a person's nature to allow spirits to project their memories of past evil into a human mind. Heredity, associations, and daily circumstances will explain much that is otherwise attributed to evil spirits. As science eliminates superstition, so should a knowledge of spirit intercourse eliminate the ignorance that permits a belief in evil spirits, while, surely, if our movement is directed from the spirit side of life we may well believe that some control is exercised by those superintending the work. We are fully persuaded that the laws of psychology are a full explanation of what is called "black magic" and witchcraft, as of all other forms of mind acting upon mind; also, that the cultivation of the will is a sure means of self-protection against all undesirable interference with one's mental conditions. The belief in evil spirits, human and other, has worked tremendous harm. Let us rise above it and look at the subject from the standpoint of science, instead of still bowing under the influence of superstition.

### TALES THEY TELL.

Every renter of flats in Des Moines, Ia., is required to sign an agreement not to cook onions or cabbage in the rooms.

Immediately following the wedding ceremony, a Kansas bride read all of her old love letters to her wedding guests.

A rat ran up the leg of Policeman Mallett's trousers in St. Louis, and in trying to dislodge the rodent the officer was thrown into the muddy street and his uniform spoiled.

A woman living on a farm near Hokah, Minn., hearing a noise in her chicken yard, fired a shotgun at random in the darkness. Next morning she found in the yard a pocketbook containing \$900.

A man living in a Chicago suburb who was troubled with his cow straying away painted his telephone number plainly on the cow, and when she wanders too far away some one who finds a strange cow on his premises calls up the owner.

### NEW YORK CITY.

New York city is receiving daily about 300 alien children.

New York city's street cleaning department is spending about \$20,000 for each working day.

Bronx borough, in New York city, has expended \$9,000,000 in dwellings of all kinds in the last year.

There is an average of eight persons injured in the streets of New York city each hour in the day, and one person is killed by such injury every seventeen hours.

Who was Ann after whom Ann street in Manhattan is named? The records apparently leave the matter in mystery except to tell that she was the wife of the first man who owned and occupied its site.—New York Herald.

### PITH AND POINT.

Eternal gratitude is eternal slavery. Silence oftener means offense than consent.

Are you as active in paying a bill as you are in collecting one due you?

About the worst advice that can be given some people is, "Use your own judgment."

You think you would do better than the other fellow if you had a chance, but would you?

This butting in has its bad features, but it's a pity some men's friends don't butt in oftener than they do.—*Atchison Globe.*

### TOO UNHAPPY TO BE KIND.

I SEE

In many an eye that measures me The mortal sickness of a mind Too unhappy to be kind. Undone by misery, all they can do is to hate their fellow man, And till they drop they needs must still Look at you and wish you ill.

—A. E. Housman.

## CAPITAL PUNISHMENT.

### Spiritualists are Opposed to It—An Ex-Hangman's Views Show it is Not a Deterrent of Crime.

That nearly all Spiritualists are opposed to capital punishment for crime is well known. Their knowledge that death is merely the dividing line between this life's experiences and those of another life, under different conditions, is, no doubt, the cause of their views upon the matter. They have learned through that knowledge that the criminal set free in spirit may be more dangerous to humanity than when here on the earth plane, and so our teachers, mediums and speakers have almost universally condemned the practice which our present laws provide for.

The views of an ex-hangman, as given below, give further evidence, from a different point of view than ours, that the death penalty and our present system of punishment for crime are not what they ought to be.

The views of an exhangman are probably of psychological interest rather than practical value in considering the question of capital punishment. The views of such a man have been expressed by James Berry, who was for ten years the common hangman of England.

During that time Berry hanged 197 criminals and assisted at the execution of some 500. His experiences have made him a strong opponent of capital punishment and reduced him, to use his own words, to a mere bundle of nerves, though he is only 50 and a man of powerful build.

How a man comes to take up such a calling as that of public hangman is a natural question to ask. Berry seems to have drifted into it much as men drift into other and more common occupations.

His father was a rug and blanket maker in a comfortable position at Hectheaton. James Berry was the thirteenth of twenty-five children, and before he was out of his teens had tried his hand at several things. He then joined the Bradford police force, and after a while, when the place of hangman became vacant, he was appointed out of a thousand applicants.

At the moment he thought little of the work he would have to do. But later he began to feel how it affected his relations with the rest of the world, and he tells how it estranged him from his relatives and friends and how keenly he and his wife felt the slights and sneers of even school children toward their own children.

As to his views on capital punishment he declares that his experience brought home to him in an unmistakable manner that hanging has failed to prevent crime punishable by death and he is convinced from personal inquiries both among criminals and those in whose charge such were that "the infliction of a less severe punishment—imprisonment under more suitable conditions than obtain—would tend greatly to diminish such crimes."

He quoted the striking decrease of crime usually punishable by death in Belgium, in Holland, in Saxony, in Michigan and elsewhere since capital punishment had been abolished. The statistics available in Holland cover thirty years during which none had been hanged.

He had personally inquired of long time convicts both in the prisons proper and in the prisons infirmary which they would prefer if they had their time to start again, execution or a life sentence, and in almost every case they had assured him they preferred death on the scaffold to the living death of the convict establishment.

Berry was very clear upon this point—his strong conviction that a radical change is necessary in the whole conduct of the penal establishment.

"Hanging is a big mistake, so are our methods of dealing with long term men," Berry went on. "You must remember that all the inmates of such institutions are not hardened criminals."

"I have seen some of the most intelligent looking of men die on the scaffold—you must remember that criminals are sometimes made so by their environment. Many become such from other causes."

"We all have something of the brute in us, but all are not equally capable of repressing vicious tendencies, and in some natures it only takes some slight trouble or departure from sobriety to excite to that state of insanity which makes a murderer of a man."

Berry then gave a glimpse into his own state of mind when conducting an execution.

"Murder is always due to insanity,"

he said. "Call it temporary insanity, if you please."

"Why, although I have often wept sorely before carrying out an execution and seldom performed my horrible duties at one without feeling overcome by their terrible nature, there have been occasions when I positively gloated over them, when I have almost foamed at the mouth with the excitement, madness, of the process. I in fact look upon any public execution as, for the time being at any rate, insane."

Berry in fact seemed to feel that the insanity of the criminal murderer and of the hangman or "legalized murderer," for as such the ex-hangman regards an executioner, are of much the same description.

Talking of the chief cause of murder, Berry declared that it was drink that fed the gallows. Among the nearly 500 whom he had hanged or helped to hang there had not been one teetotaler. Again he drew a curious parallel between the murderer and the hangman.

"If it were not for liquor," he said, "there would be precious few to be hanged, and certainly if it were not for spirits few officials inside our prisons could carry out what is required of them at an execution. That need cause no surprise, for I always had to get brandy inside my stomach at an execution."

His prescription for the treatment of a murderer is: "Give him time to repent in a prison, but under different conditions from those which obtain now. One convict who had been reprieved and who had served twelve years of his term of imprisonment in the prison infirmary, where he was certainly better off than other convicts, I asked which he would choose if he had his time over again, knowing what he knew, death on the scaffold or a life sentence, and he fiercely replied, 'Hanging, that is one punishment only, but penal servitude is thousands upon thousands.'

"I would have each convict," Berry went on, "put to some suitable and useful employment, amid humane surroundings, so that he could earn his own living and be able to contribute toward the support of those upon whom his act had brought shame. Surely work could be found for a man inside a prison which would cover the cost of his own maintenance and that of his dependents."

"Watch him, of course, encourage his better nature, give him something to engage his thoughts, something with which makes him feel he is doing something to undo the past, something which will enable him to restart life at the end of his imprisonment with a few pounds and know he is assisting to keep those of his kith and kin who need his help outside the prison during his term, and instead of turning out callous criminals and broken men you will find many thoroughly and lastingly reformed characters."

"Then when released help such along the path of right and goodness. That would enable a man to bear his degradation with fortitude, to feel he was doing what he could to live down the past, and in fact go far to prevent the hardened criminal the present system makes of men of certain temperaments."

The question was asked, How many innocent victims perish on the scaffold?

"Many," was Berry's reply, and he mentioned cases in which he was convinced he was executing innocent persons.

In one case, he declared, there was not an authority in the prison who was not sure that an innocent victim of the law had been sent to eternity, and events had proved this opinion to be correct.

One of the most notorious criminals of modern times, a man who has given a name to an odious kind of murder, Jack the Ripper, Berry declares he hanged, and at the moment he was talking he was wearing the cuff links that he took from the man's cuffs when he pinioned his hands. According to Berry, this man, of whose identity there have been so many stories, was John Henry Burey, keeper of a cat's meat shop in the East End of London.

"Behind this shop," said Berry, "were rooms which he used to let to women of the streets. During his absence some one, one of these degraded women he fully believed, broke into his room and stole some of his savings."

"This made the man so mad that he swore an oath that if he could not find out who it was he would murder every woman who had used his house. This threat he proceeded to carry out."

"Eventually his wife threatened, during a quarrel, to inform the authorities, whereupon he killed her and tried to dispose of the body, which he cut up. For this he was condemned."

"When in the cell and about to pinion him I said to him:

"Well, Jack the Ripper, have you anything to say? If so say it now, as you will have no chance later."

"No," was the reply. "If any one stole anything from me I'd kill the lot to find the right one. I'm not going to give you any big lines, go on with your work, Berry, I'll not say anything."

"Nor did he."

Berry is to depart shortly to the United States, where he is booked for an evangelical lecturing tour.

## QUESTIONABLE TITLES.

The following from the Herald of Truth is so to the point and agrees with the views of the Sunflower that it is printed in full with thanks to the Herald for setting the matter forth so nicely.

The tendency of mediums to assume a prefixed, or an affixed title to their names is often noted by those of better judgment, and such unwarrantable tendencies is only equalled by what in time must become an unwelcome evil.

The title of "professor" is frequently noted prefixed to the name of one whose position in the world of education commands no real knowledge of what the title really implies, and instead of recognizing the fact that it really means a particular specialty in a department of education or science—carrying with it the significance that such as use it are of a necessity a master mind therein, one with special qualifications in the art of imparting some special knowledge. They assume the title, advertise it indiscriminately, and the public has a right to expect of such an advanced mind refined language and manners, and when they come in contact with some that use these and see them, hear them murder the English language, see their uncouth manners and oftentimes almost vulgar appearance, oh, how disappointed, and naturally ask is this a sample of the self-styled professors of Spiritualism? And who can wonder that the burlesque side becomes at once associated with them as they recall some oil cloth sign loosely dangling in front of a neighboring bootblack stand, "Prof." Joe, bootblack, and the same thought applies to the assumption of the titles of "doctor," "reverend," and "F. R. C." and an almost limitless number of other titles in which so many advertising so-called mediums indulge, thinking that by such presumption they attract, and, at the same time, fool the public, and never stop to think that by the immediate knowledge on the very large part of the public, that such persons have no right to such titles, really fool themselves the most. If such would only pause and think that their mistakes and shortcomings are only magnified by the use of such titles that they lack the ability to carry off nicely, it would mean that their better judgment would preclude such assumptions, which not only underrate them themselves, but reflect back upon the entire cause. The plain honest name of birth is far more preferable when honored by grace, dignity and ability, than the vanity of some large-sounding title that means nothing to those who hold no qualification either by education, experience, practice, or conferred by some educational institutions or chartered societies. The evil is at once apparent and should be corrected in the best interests of individuals and society. We would grant no patent right, however, to any special favored few, but to be rightfully entitled to such something in keeping with customs in vogue for ages should be carefully observed.

To suggest a remedy for disease, while under influence, or give a magnetic treatment, does not entitle the medium so doing to the use of the name "doctor," and neither does the use of the term render such service more valuable or raise the psychic in public opinion. To lecture and give messages conveys no right to the title of "Rev." or "Prof.," and eloquence of the former, nor accuracy of the latter no more convincing. Societies and institutions duly and legally constituted under the law have the right to confer such titles as a recognition of merit bestowed upon the individual. Let all be content to be our honored selves. Fill our little niche in the world the best we can and like the "tub that stands upon its own bottom," and "weathers the storm," public opinion is bound to honor all according to merit regardless of titles.

There can well be added to the above the statement that much of this abuse of titles arises from the fact that injudicious friends or others are prone to add "professor" or "doctor" to another who has done some special service,

though it be only in a friendly way, such as delivering an address, or having the power of healing, cures some one by magnetic treatment. This attempt to flatter or curry favor, if continued, causes others to fall into the habit, and though the recipient of the supposed compliment objects to the titles, and requests, time and again, that they be not so addressed, their requests are not heeded, with the result that, though undesired, it is finally accepted by reason of weariness in protesting. Let there be a reform in this matter, not only by those who seek these titles when not entitled to them, but by the people generally in refraining from using them whether desired or not, unless the person so addressed is strictly entitled to the same.

## TOLD HIS WIFE ABOUT IT.

And Then Accused Her of Having No Sense of Humor.

Englishmen are often accused of being unable to grasp the point of the American pun, and sometimes they may think they see the point of a joke when perhaps they do not. An Englishman named Morley was walking along the sidewalk one day with an American friend when the latter inadvertently slipped and fell down.

"Ah, my dear boy, I hope you are not hurt! How did it happen?"

To which the friend replied:

"It happened notwithstanding."

They both laughed over the pun, and Morley said it was so good he was going to tell his wife about it. At dinner that evening he remarked that he had such a good joke on his friend Brown, and by way of preliminary, leading up to the point of his story, he proceeded to tell all about who Brown was, his associations and business connections, how he came to get acquainted with him, commercial relations he had had with him, etc., until he forgot about the story, but was reminded of it by the wife, who said impatiently:

"But what about the story?"

"Oh, yes!" laughing immoderately as the recollection of it struck him.

"Why, you see, Brown and I were walking down the street together, and he slipped on a banana peeling and fell down, and when I asked him how it happened he said, 'Nevertheless.'"

And he was sore at her all evening and declared she had no sense of humor because she said she didn't see anything funny to that.—*Judge's Library.*

## WEIGHTS AND MEASURES.

The Metal of the Standards That Are In Use Today.

There are no products of human skill on which a greater degree of care is expended than the standards of weight and measure in use among the civilized nations of the globe. Two things in particular have to be considered, accuracy and durability. Nature does not furnish any single metal or mineral which exactly answers the requirements for a standard of measure or weight that shall be as nearly as possible unalterable.

The best substance yet produced for this purpose is an alloy of 90 per cent of platinum with 10 per cent of iridium. This is called iridio platinum and is the substance of which the metric standards prepared by the international committee on weights and measures is composed. It is hard, is less affected by heat than any pure metal, is practically nonoxidizable and can be finely engraved. In fact, the lines on the standard meters are hardly visible to the naked eye, yet they are smooth, sharp and accurate.

If our civilization should ever be lost and relics of it should be discovered in some brighter age in the remote future there is nothing that would bear higher testimony to its character than these standard measures of iridio platinum, for the protection and preservation of which the science of this day has done its very best.—*St. Louis Republic.*

### An Obedient Patient.

An old doctor whose memory was beginning to fail him called in to see a young man who was ill. On arriving at the home he found his patient in bed with nothing the matter but a slight cold. After prescribing the usual remedies he said:

"Now, my dear sir, you must stay in bed till I come again."

He went away and forgot all about his patient. The time flew by. One day the M. D. came across the young man's mother in the street. The sight of Mrs. Jones brought his patient to his mind, and, with a start, he said:

"By the bye, how is your son getting on?"

To his amazement Mrs. Jones replied that he was still in bed, obedient to the doctor's commands. He had been there three weeks.—*Illustrated Bits.*

### Dangerous Combination.

Weary Walker—I allers knowed it! Tired Tatters—Knowned what? Weary Walker—Wot that sign meant, "Cleaning and Dyeing." Tired Tatters—Well, wot about it? Weary Walker—Why, I allers knowed they went together.—*Illustrated Bits.*



## SAW HER HUSBAND'S SPIRIT.

Rose Eytinge, a popular actress, tells in the New York Dramatic Mirror of a wonderful experience which happened to a young "singing chambermaid," who, with her husband, was acting a number of years ago in the company in which Miss Eytinge played. The husband was addicted to the drink habit. One night he fell, injuring his spine and fracturing his skull, and was taken to a hospital, where he remained several weeks. "One evening," says Miss Eytinge, "while we were all in our respective dressing rooms 'making up,' we were startled by a loud shriek—a shriek so full of horror that it had the effect of electrifying the whole company. Simultaneously we rushed into the passage. Following the direction from which it seemed to me the sound had proceeded, I ran into the dressing-room of the little chambermaid. As I entered I was passed by a figure leaving it—a man. In my haste I did not observe him closely, but I afterward remembered that at that moment I was struck by a blast of very cold air. The little inmate of the room shrank into a corner, a picture of abject terror, her hands outstretched before her as if thrusting from her some dreadful object. When I approached within her reach she clutched me with such nervous force that her fingers cut into my flesh. After she had been soothed into something like calmness—though she was far from being composed—she whispered to me to send everybody from the room.

"When we were alone she still clung convulsively to me.

"Did you see him?" she whispered to me. "Did you see Dan?"

"Dan" was the name of her husband. Of course I replied in the negative.

"No!" she answered in an accent of surprise. "No! He went out as you came in. You brushed against each other. Oh!" she whispered, shudderingly, "oh! he said such things to me! Such! No! he never said a word; he never made a sound, but the words came to me, to my heart, not to my ears; but he said such things! He told me to go home to—to—oh! he is gone; he is dead. My Dan, my poor, poor Dan!" She slipped from my supporting arms in violent, convulsive, sobbing hysterics.

"When, very shortly after, we received news from the hospital that poor Dan had died, it was evident that his passing spirit had visited his little wife, had warned her of her danger and had bade her seek the quiet of her simple country home. This she did.

"I never saw her again, though from time to time I heard of her. She returned to the stage and became an actress of assured position, being peculiarly successful in parts calling for gentle pathos. While she never achieved importance, she always had good engagements, and wherever she went she was, I heard, always beloved for her gentleness and uncomplaining amiability."

## N. S. A. Notice to Auxiliary Societies.

As your annual reports are often incomplete in giving names and local addresses of your officers for the current year, this office desires that you shall forward the complete roster in order that we may properly communicate with each one, if necessary, or give information to inquirers. It is important to have a list of your local members in whom you find the spirit of co-operation.

Societies needingsome reliable speaker or medium, and the latter persons needing engagements, might often be helped from this office, if each of these would communicate their need to here.

This is an executive office, and yet is a bureau of information to a great extent. It is important to make our service to the public as valuable as possible. We have frequent calls for addresses of society officers and the speakers and mediums, hence, constant information to that end, especially when changes are made, is to the interest of all. Send to this office for essays on various topics connected with Spiritualism by well-known authors, and distribute these for propaganda. Remit for postage and whatever donation you can afford. Keep in frequent communication with this office and let us co-operate in all possible ways. The time is ripe for work all along the line.

Localities not organized should at once get into action, and let us have a chartered society everywhere.

States not organized should do so soon as possible and develop the commonwealth into a working force. These associations of states have greater opportunities than heretofore for co-operative effort, with more ability to do missionary work than the N. S. A. can do.

Trustworthy mediums connected with chartered societies, who shall be properly endorsed, can obtain a missionary certificate of the N. S. A. for the sum

of five dollars, and the same will give them much protection and assistance. But, remember, an auxiliary society of the N. S. A. must endorse the applicant.

Fraternaly,

GEORGE W. KATES, Secretary,  
500 Pennsylvania Ave., S. E., Wash-  
ington, D. C.

## SELECTING A HUSBAND.

Capture Him While He Is Still Young,  
Docile and Plastic.

Because it is the duty of every woman to marry some man it by no means follows that she is deprived of the privilege of making acute discrimination. On the contrary, to fulfill her mission as completely as possible she should exercise the greatest care in selecting a mate. Time was when she had no say in the matter, and in some countries she has little or none today, but in this happily civilized land she still possesses and will undoubtedly hold for all time the right first to choose and then ensnare. It is a noble prerogative—one, in our judgment, that should be appreciated and cherished above all others. And yet, as we have observed, it should be exercised with caution. Let nothing be left to chance, as Plato would have had it when he decreed that pairing should be done by lot. While not overnice, be at least particular in order that the one chosen may feel honored by the distinction conferred upon him and so be the more readily induced to show his undying gratefulness.

Much that was thought and written years ago on how to choose a wife was good enough for the time, but the recent reversal of the relative attitudes of seeker and sought renders it valueless. Nevertheless, despite the fact that in considering the points to be heeded and the precautions to be observed by womankind we find ourselves in a fallow field, certain general principles may be regarded as established. It is best, for example, to capture a husband while he is still young, docile and plastic. Preferably also he should be in love. He may then be trained after the manner best calculated to serve the convenience of her for whom thenceforth he must and should toil.—George Harvey in North American Review.

## BULLIES IN BATTLE.

The Barroom Type of Rowdy When  
Put to the Test of War.

"The barroom bully is an arrant coward when put to the test of war." With this saying of the late General Rosecrans as his topic, a speaker at a civic betterment meeting discoursed on the ways of the average "bad man" of the modern cities. He read from a writing of General Rosecrans, familiarly known as "Old Rosy," in which that officer described a regiment of men from Cincinnati in the civil war in which there were many of the barroom bully class who had been pressed into the service or entered as substitutes to earn a few hundred dollars. When these men came face to face with the grim fighters in gray of the Confederacy and they realized that in warfare the rifle makes the puny weakling a match for the muscular giant, the bullies just turned pale and flunked. They couldn't stand rifle fire any more than they would the steely bayonet. Big, brawny bruisers who had been wont to swagger about town with chips on their shoulders looking for some weaker vessel to tackle found in the fire and smoke of battle that, while their frames and muscles were large, their real courage was mighty small and of the cravenly coward sort.

"Better take the pale faced, modest mannered Sunday school lads when you want real soldiers—men who can face the bullets or the bayonets of the enemy—rather than the brawny red faced bullies of our cities, who, when they are outdone in an argument, want to resort to brute force to settle the question in dispute," wrote General Rosecrans, and he should have known.—Washington Star.

## Commercial Term In Law.

The plaintiff was stating his case: "Your honor, I was walking alongside of the waiting train when this man, who is a stranger to me, and without any cause whatever, reached out of the car window and planted a couple of powerful blows upon my face."

"Your honor," expostulated the defendant, "I was so enraged by the delay of that train and the miserable service of that road in general that I just had to give vent to my feelings in some way. I couldn't restrain myself."

"I feel for you," admitted the judge, who had had occasion to travel on the same road, "but I am compelled to fine you nevertheless. That pair of hands will cost you just \$10."

—New York Press.

## Where It Hits Him.

"Cubbinson says it costs him a quarter every time he goes to church."

"I have never seen him contribute a cent."

"He has to get his trousers pressed."

—Harper's Weekly.

He runs heavily who is forced to run.—Danish Proverb.

## THE DIAMOND CROP.

What Becomes of the Pecks of Gems  
Turned Out Each Year?

Where do all the crystallized gems go—worth many millions of pounds—which come into the market every year? The diamond is said to be one of the hardest things in nature and is practically impervious to wear and tear. I have an idea, though I am not certain, that an old diamond is every bit as good as a new one, supposing both belong to the same class—that is to say, diamonds do not wear out as trousers or hats wear out.

Then what becomes of the thousands and thousands turned out each year? I know that the financial geniuses who control the diamond output keep the supply down to the actual demand so as not to lower the price, and thus there must be a steady demand for these things to the value of millions a year, and there must be a gradually increasing stock or accumulation of them in rings or tiaras, crowns, scarfpins and so on.

People do not cover themselves all over with these gems and then jump about in the street to shake them off for the sake of humble friends and poor relations, as was done by the gaudy Duke of Buckingham. A certain number, I know, are stolen every year; but, after all, they are comparatively few, and most of them come back into the market in a very short time.

The man who steals diamonds does not eat them. He disposes of them for the benefit of his humble family, and all he really does (poor, honest and misunderstood fellow) is to put them into circulation. Where do they go?—London M. A. P.

## JOSS STICKS.

The Process of Their Preparation Still  
Practically Unknown.

In all countries where Buddhist worship is celebrated there is a great consumption of "joss sticks." These ceremonial candles are lighted on occasions of festivity or mourning, prayer or thanksgiving to divinities, and the like. Joss sticks are at once candles and incense, since, like the latter, they burn without apparent flame. Their preparation is shrouded in some mystery, and the process is still practically unknown, those who carry it on being chosen from a special class and kept in rigorous seclusion.

A squared strip of bamboo, of varying length and thickness, according to the size of the joss stick that is to be made, is skillfully rolled on an inclined surface in a mixture of odoriferous powders agglutinated by resin, made viscous by slight elevation of temperature. One of the ends is left as it is, to serve as a handle. In some cases the bamboo is replaced with a flexible rod, which enables the joss stick to be rolled in spiral form.

The composition of the odoriferous powders varies with the country. Those used in Indo-China come generally from the province of Canton and include fourteen drugs, among which may be named camphor, sandalwood, aconite and clove. Aconite plays the part of a preservative and protects the joss sticks well against the attacks of rats and mice. — Chicago News.

## The Perfect Kiss.

Why osculation has received so little attention from wise men we cannot tell. It may be that thinking and kissing go not well together. If so, few of us would require long time to choose between them, or possibly the subject has seemed to require too delicate handling, or it may have seemed trifling. We neither know nor care. The most valuable practical lesson to be derived from experience and now set down is that closing of the eyes is essential to perfection in kissing. Aside from this hint to those of congenial spirit we would merely direct the attention of those who may decry the importance of the topic to the influence of the charm in retaining hold upon one worth keeping and rendering less frequent and hazardous those absences which are only too likely to make the heart grow fonder—of some one else. — George Harvey in North American Review.

## Cedar Shavings For Dogs.

If your dogs are troubled with fleas a very simple way to get rid of the pest is to provide beds of fresh cedar shavings or, better, cedar excelsior in the kennels or wherever the dogs sleep. The scent is not at all unpleasant to the dogs, but is abhorrent to the fleas. When a dog's coat gets thoroughly scented not only do the fleas leave him while asleep, but they will not jump upon him when he is out in the sand during the day. — Country Life in America.

## Respecting Her Oath.

"Judge, will you do me a great favor?" asked the lady who was about to be put upon the stand as a witness. "Certainly, miss. What is it?" "Will you please ask me my age before I take the oath?"—Yonkers Statesman.

Yes, money talks; but its favorite remark is goodby.—Indianapolis Star.

## CHICKEN HEARTED MEN.

Every One of Group Dreaded to Heal  
of Some Injury.

"I could hear the bone in his wrist snap," said a man who was describing an accident to a group of men. "Oh, cut it out, for heaven's sake!" called out one of the group. He was a big fellow, but he was as white as a sheet.

The speaker laughed jeeringly. "I didn't know you were so chicken hearted," he said.

The big man began to explain. "I'm not what you would call a timid sort of person, but the mention of any injury to the wrist always turns me faint. I can stand seeing blood flow or hear thrilling tales of broken limbs and smashed heads, but I can't stand any wrist stories. I don't know the reason. It seems to be merely a matter of temperament."

A quiet little man came to the rescue. "I know just what you mean," he said. "You're not the only one who has a peculiar aversion to a certain sort of injury. Now, my particular aversion is on account of trouble with the eyes. Immediately I begin to blink and wink and my eyes smart until I can't stand it. I'd rather hear an account of a brutal murder than any description of an eye disease."

The man who had jeered at the big man had been thinking. "I have one of those aversions, too, now I come to think of it," he said. "It is accounts of paralytic shocks, to which I particularly object. I feel myself growing numb all over when I hear such tales, and I always make an excuse to get away as soon as possible."

His remark was a signal for a universal confession. One acknowledged that the sight of blood gave him a sensation of extreme nausea; another said that reading or hearing of a fracture of the skull gave him "a gone feeling at his stomach," and another said he shivered so his teeth chattered every time he heard an account of an operation for appendicitis.

The big man was triumphant. "Well, I'm not such a big baby after all," he said.—New York Tribune.

## FEAR IN BATTLE.

Frederick the Great Ran Away, and  
Grant Was Afraid.

Some of the greatest soldiers whose names adorn history's pages entered their first battles with a feeling of fear in their hearts.

Frederick the Great simply lost his head at the battle of Moltwitz. Had he not been a king it is safe to say that he would have been shot at the next sunrise. In the heat of the carnage he got an idea that the army under his command was being overwhelmed, so he put the spurs to his horse and dashed headlong among his soldiers. He rode many miles before he stopped in his wild flight. Late at night he was discovered hiding in an old mill, awaiting, as he thought, capture by the enemy. Then he discovered that the army he deserted had won the battle.

As Frederick was a prince, everybody tried to forget the incident just as quickly as possible. And after that when the king went to war he was just as brave as any other soldier.

General Grant in his memoirs tells us that, despite the fact that he was not new to the ways of war, he had a strange fear in his heart when as commander of the Union forces he found himself on the eve of his first battle of the civil war. He adds, however, that he came to find that "the other fellow" had a similar feeling.

In American history there is no more reckless warrior than the dashing Light Horse Harry Lee. It seems strange, therefore, to find that at the outset of the Continental struggle Washington had to reproach him for his "prudence" in battle. Lee, though, up and told Washington that he was just as brave as the general in chief, and he made good his word.—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

## All's Fair In War.

"A tenderfoot once visited Tin Can," said a westerner, "and watched with interest the poker play. From saloon to saloon he passed. Everything was wide open and very gay and lively.

"But as he looked on at a poker game that had no limit the tenderfoot suddenly frowned. He had seen the dealer slip himself four aces from the bottom of the pack.

"Gracious powers," whispered the tenderfoot, excitedly clutching the sleeve of the man next him, "did you notice that?"

"Notice what?" said the other.

"Why, that scoundrel in the red shirt just dealt himself four aces."

"The other looked at the tenderfoot calmly.

"Well, wasn't it his deal?" he said.

—Washington Star.

## A Tiny Well Digger.

The mole is one of the thirstiest of animals. It never burrows at any great distance from water, and at times of drought when the supply of the needful element is diminished or cut off the "little gentleman in the velvet coat" counteracts the scarcity by digging wells until it comes to a depth at which water may be obtained.

## THE WEASEL.

His Ferocity Unbounded and His  
Courage Invincible.

The weasel is the most bloodthirsty of all our native carnivores. His ferocity is unbounded, his courage invincible. He is one of the few British wild animals from whom man has to fear attack.

If you meet a group of weasels you will do well not to interfere with them, for those who have done so have occasionally suffered for their temerity. His dwarfish size rather accentuates that diminishes the detestation in which he is held, for there is something uncanny in the idea of so much relentlessness and cruelty being compressed into so small a frame.

The rabbit, who will fight a fierce and bitter battle with one of his own kind, is paralyzed with fear at the mere sight of this puny foe, whom he could probably pulverize could he brace his heart to the attempt. Squealing with fear, he hops stupidly about until the little vampire springs upon his neck and buries his fangs in an artery.

Then the victim either sinks to the ground and submits to his fate or, suddenly acquiring the use of his muscles, he speeds aimlessly along, the weasel clinging to his neck till his work is done. There are few more pitiful sounds in nature than the panic stricken cry of a rabbit when he finds that he is being stalked by a weasel.—London Answers.

## CANDLES POPULAR.

The World Uses More of Them Now  
Than It Ever Did Before.

The "tallow dip" of our grandfathers is no longer made of tallow, exactly. It is made of stearic acid, which is only one ingredient of the tallow that grows in the sheep and in the steer.

Neither is the "tallow dip" of today a real "dip." They used to take long wicks and dip them in hot tallow, time after time, till the candle had acquired the proper thickness. Today they run hot stearic acid into molds and make a hundred candles instantaneously.

The "tallow dip" on the market today, therefore, would be more accurately described if it were called a "stearic acid mold." But nevertheless, it remains a tallow product. It is the direct lineal descendant of the "tallow dip" of our grandfathers. And it is still so popular that just about 130,000,000 pounds of tallow, according to the calculation of one of the best informed manufacturers of Chicago, are consumed every year in the candle factories of the United States. Although gas and kerosene and electricity have deprived the candle of a large part of the popularity to which it might be entitled, it is probable that in both hemispheres today there are more candles shedding their mild and humble radiance than in any previous period of the world's history.—Technical World.

## Too Enthusiastic.

Edwin Forrest once produced a play called "Metamora." Supers were engaged to personate Indian warriors, and among them was a bright Irish lad who had a deep admiration for the great tragedian. At a point in the play where Metamora asks, "Am I not the great chief of the Pottawatomies?" the supers are supposed to grunt "Ugh, ugh!" The stage manager had carefully drilled them in what they were expected to do, but on the night of the performance the young Irishman was so transported by Forrest's acting as quite to forget that he was impersonating an Indian. When Forrest turned to the assembled warriors and thundered forth, "Am I not the great chief of the Pottawatomies?" the Irish boy's enthusiasm broke through all restraint. He leaped into the air with a wild shout and, twirling his tomahawk about his head, replied, "Begorra, ye are!"—London Standard.

## Water on Gibraltar.

On the eastern side of the rock of Gibraltar there is a curious looking white patch which led an American tourist to ask whether the rock was being armor plated. It is really a catchment for rainwater to increase the reserve of water on the rock. The catchment covers ten acres. It is made of galvanized corrugated iron fixed to piles driven deep into the sandy slopes above the village of Catalan. The water collected at the foot of the catchment runs through the rock into a tunnel 2,000 feet long and is delivered into reservoirs on the western side. The yield to the inch of rainfall is 240,000 gallons.—New York Tribune.

## The Tiger Bird.

India's tiger bird, so called because he is the one thing the royal beast fears, is no larger than the sparrow. Yet so bold and combative is he that if the great cat is surprised by a sufficient number of the little creatures far from the protecting shelter of the jungle it will go hard with him. When alone the bird will not attack. Supported by a flock of friends, however, often numbering several thousands, the bird will seek out his hereditary foe and give him battle.



## DOGMA NOT NEEDED

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NEW YORK SUN:

Sir—In a current way of thinking religion is regarded as based on belief. It might be better to consider it as based on action and conduct.

In the prevalent conception religion assumes to guide men's lives according to truths disclosed by miraculous revelation recorded in the Bible or declared by the Church. It is held that we thus receive knowledge of a personal God, a divine Savior, a way of salvation opened to men by faith in this Savior and immortality beyond the grave. These truths, it is held, give the motive, the aim and the way of the religious life, acceptance of them is the necessary foundation of that life. Now, beyond question a multitude of people do by the help of this creed of the Church lead sincere and serviceable and happy lives. Conspicuous instances just now are the Bishop of London and General Booth of the Salvation Army, who have been walking in the affections of the American people. It is not the multitude of believing and earnest Church men whom these men typify that I am now addressing. Hereafter I may have some friendly speech to them, but at present, "wishing each other 'God speed,' we part, as did Faithful and Christian, of whom the reader of Bunyan will remember that the one took the upper road and the other the lower road, but both traveled toward the same point."

I am speaking now to those to whom all the creeds of the Church have become incredible, doubtful or unreal. Of these—and they are a multitude—some have become clearly convinced by the study of history that the entire miraculous element is unbelievable, and this has destroyed for them the authority of the Bible and of all its prophets even to the greatest. Others have reached a like conclusion through the attitude and mental atmosphere attendant on the study of the physical sciences. Probably a much greater number have never thought the matter out, but under some influence of the Time Spirit the wonder stories of the Bible and the Church come to their ears like a fairy tale. And there are others, to some of whom no one could deny a reverent and aspiring spirit, whom the devotional forms of the Church quite fail to touch, because they find those forms somehow remote from the natural spontaneous movement of their minds and hearts. To all these the churchly type of religion has become practically impossible or is held in a weak and wavering grasp.

I once fell into confidential talk with an upright, strenuous man of affairs, one whom his acquaintances would hardly suspect of thinking much about religion, and he said: "I would give every dollar of my property if I could believe as my wife believes." I once knew a successful elderly lawyer who told a friend: "I'm going to believe every word of the Bible, every word of it! If I begin to let go, I know I shall give it all up." I talked once with a woman of admirable character, a faithful attendant on Church observances, who said to me: "Of course, we don't know anything about the real truth of things, and never can know, but these practices of the Church have come down from our fathers and seem to have a good tendency, and so I keep them up." A man who took an active part in the affairs of his church was once telling me of his experiences as a soldier in the civil war, and in reply to some question he answered in all simplicity and good faith: "Oh, of course, up here religion is all very well, but down here among realities it didn't count for much!"

I need not dwell on these different instances of undermined religion—the man painfully conscious of his loss, the one holding on with the surface of his mind and afraid to think, the one habitually assenting to the most solemn affirmations with the sub-consciousness "of course, we don't really know anything about it," and he who had no use for religion when he "got among realities." I use them as instances and suggestions of the wide ebbing away of genuine religious conviction. Partly, no doubt, the ebb is due to faults of purpose and will and temper, but a great contributory cause is the growing impossibility to a class of thoughtful minds of the whole supernatural creed.

Does religion need that creed as its basis? It seems to me, on the contrary, that vital religion depends on neither creed nor theology nor authority; that it essentially consists in an attitude and an aim which every honest mind recognizes as sound and desirable; that its essentials are moral fidelity, the temper of sympathy and service,

the spirit of reverence and aspiration and obedience to natural law. To a life clearly and honestly devoted to these aims I believe the experiences of the advancing years will bring in full measure the strength, the love, the joy, the sense of inner and outer harmony which are the best fruits of religion.

Two questions may lurk in the reader's mind: Is religion, after all, of any great importance or necessity? And even if it appears desirable, is it possible and practicable without such a creed as the Church affirms?

As to whether it is really necessary, that question recalls a remark which when I was a youngster my mother made to me. She was not at all in the habit of preaching or moralizing to her children or anybody else. But in the course of some ordinary talk she said—with only the little emphasis of addressing me by name—"George, without religion life is a failure." That was all, and the talk slipped on to other topics. But inwardly wondered a little. Life a failure without religion? And this from her, who had such resources besides—her family, her home, her various comforts and pleasures, and especially a most happy disposition. Really, it seemed as if even without religion her life would be far from a failure. But I knew that her words were the words of a wise woman. And the longer I live the more I am convinced that those were true words, and that without religion human life is a failure. For without it, it seems to me, all joys are incomplete; a sense of frustration steals over the fairest scene, and fate's inevitable blows fall with crushing weight. I know of no more tragic sight than the man or woman without fixed and high purpose who has gone on with swelling sails and favoring winds till there comes some one of the every day chances—failure of health, defeat of ambition, loss of property, death of wife or favorite child—and the ship founders or drifts a helpless wreck. The heavenly voice had been unheard, the summoning of the gracious life: "My ways are ways of pleasantness and all my paths are peace." And now when the earthquake has destroyed the house, the Wisdom that was neglected seems to upbraid: "Because ye have set at naught all my counsel, and would none of my reproof, I also will laugh at your calamity, I will mock when your fear cometh." Or it may be, as by the more gracious gospel of the New Testament, that disaster teaches what was not learned in prosperity, and starvation drives the prodigal back to the Father's arms.

And as we often see life a failure for want of religion, so we often see it a success by means of religion—imperfect but genuine religion—triumphing over trouble, disaster, heartache. One need not go to the accredited lives of the saints for such experiences—you can find them if you watch your neighbors or read your newspaper. The other day I read in the *Sun* the talk with the reporter of a woman whose son, a policeman, had that day been wantonly shot. She was glad that her boy had not had to shoot any one; she had only pity for the wretch who murdered him; she tenderly recalled what a good boy he had been, and all the acts and words of his last hour at home—the whole story was a leaf from the book of a beautiful life.

"But that woman was a Catholic," says some one. Yes, I believe she was, and I hope there is no one who doubts that religion, the holy life, is abundantly to be found in the Catholic Church and in all the churches. Only there are some of us who think that the holy life may be lived outside of the churches too. And that brings us to the second question: Granted that religion is desirable, is it possible and practicable without acceptance of the Church's creed?

That we may answer that question let us first define religion—in such insufficient fashion as we must needs employ upon all highest things. Religion is, first of all, we may say, a practical fidelity to the best we know. It is an habitual open-mindedness and open-heartedness to the best we can receive. It is the temper of active good will toward our fellow creatures. It bids us to study the actual conditions of the world encompassing us and comply with those conditions for the furtherance of health and happiness. Its intellectual emphasis is on our place as units in a universal order; its aim is the conscious good of all; its personal award is the growing sense of harmony in ourselves, with our fellows, with the world about us.

A clumsy definition this of the beautiful reality we name religion; but is it not in the right direction? If we may use it substantially for our present purpose, then the question just asked, "Is religion possible and practicable

without acceptance of the Church's creed?" is already answered. For this temper and attitude are self-evidently good. It depends on no miraculous vouchers, no tables of stone or angels appearing in the skies. It does not need any intellectual persuasion about the incarnation or about theism. It says simply: Take the world about you at its best, and meet it with your own best.

"Simply," but ah, not lightly or easily. We have cleared away an intellectual difficulty, but what sublime, arduous, all embracing laws rise before us. They bid us to unceasing effort to hold the nobler man within us in ascendancy over the lower man; to a spirit of good will which can smile at irritating neighbors, and which is content with no personal success till it merges into service; to scrupulous fidelity to nature's requirements; to the habitual rescue of a part of each day from cares and trifles for the great outward and upward look; to a self-devotion without reserve, and a lifelong vigilance. "Straight is the gate and narrow is the way." Yet of this true wisdom we may say more confidently, more gladly, than did the Hebrew sage, "Her ways are pleasantness and all her paths are peace."

As I write there comes to hand in the *Sun* of November 2 a talk of General Booth to the New York reporters. It is full of "sanctified common sense," and it gives some testimony which from such a quarter is striking.

"Is there more prejudice against religion now than when you were here last?" he was asked.

The general hesitated. "Why," he answered slowly, "there is less I think of the instinctive respect for and belief in religious teachings. As a whole it seems to me that religious indifference among the people is growing. They have tried, many of them, the kinds of religion that lie uppermost, failed to find the satisfaction of soul which it was represented that they would find, and so have deserted the cause entirely."

"What would you say was responsible for this state of affairs?"

The general thought it was the formalism of the religions and the pursuit of wealth among social "climbers," who wished to outvie their neighbors in ostentation, a vanity which would necessarily preclude any strong religious convictions.

Formalism in the churches, vulgar ambition in the community—so this big, keen witted, spiritual physician diagnoses our disease. But then what an outlook he presents—how simple yet searching in its requirements, how hopeful in its anticipation.

"This tour has left me with a feeling—I can hardly express it—with a subconscious conviction, maybe, that in the American people, yes, in all peoples, there is a nature that responds to the call of benevolence, goodness and God, and all we've got to do to get at it is to strip off all the overlying layers of evil passions, selfishness, mistakes, Mammon worship, or what all worldliness there may be. I find too that the wrong ideas that people have of happiness prejudice them against religion as much as anything else. They feel as if they'd got to be managing editors"—with a smile at a cub reporter in the corner who was excitedly taking notes—"or millionaires riding around in automobiles, instead of seeing that the true happiness is by way of goodness, godliness and self-sacrifice. If they could only get the idea that religion is not a moody, melancholy, mechanical form of serving God, but on the contrary is a state of heart and mind that English slang calls 'jolly,' a state, that is, of optimism and cheeriness, why then there would be a revival in this country that would look almost like an appendix to the Book of Acts."

It may seem a far cry from the Salvation Army to Matthew Arnold. It may be still more surprising to find the point of contact in the note of optimism. Arnold's volume of poems is full of "Elysian beauty, melancholy grace," and heavily shadowed by doubt. But at the end of the book he put "Obermann Once More," a wonderful panoramic view of the spiritual history of Christendom, closing with a sunrise among Alpine snowpeaks and a temper that matches the scene.

What though there still need effort, strife  
Though much bestill unen?  
Yet warm it mounts, the hour of life,  
Death's frozen hour is done!

The world's great order dawns in sheen  
After long darkness rude,  
Divineller imaged, clearer seen,  
With happier light, purer, seen.

What still of strength is left employ  
This end to help attain:  
One common wave of thought and joy  
Lifting mankind again!

GEORGE S. MERRIAM,  
SPRINGFIELD, MASS., November 9.

## FEAR OF THE FOREST.

The Feeling That Comes When One Finds Himself Lost.

One must be independent to enjoy the vast freedom of the woods, mighty and protecting, yet unfettering, gathering myriads of living things in safety within their shelter. It is a wonderful experience—and familiarity cannot lessen the wonder of it—to choose some unfrequented trail that the forest has half reclaimed and follow it for a time, then suddenly to stop and listen. The underbrush, the trees, the broken thread of path, which had seemed only to echo our footsteps and frame a human form, now in our silence give forth all the voices of the woods, elusive, intermittent, but alive—life everywhere, whispering warning of an interloper who may have come for evil or for good, and one feels without seeing myriad eyes upon him.

Have you ever been afraid in the woods? Not that mysterious awe of the first twilights that all know who have camped, when the silence is absolute, when shadows have swallowed up the distance and the light has almost faded from the sky, when one feels dimly the vast, latent power of nature around him with which some time or other he must struggle and conquer or be crushed. This fear of the forest was different. I was alone and lost. I had taken a false trail at some unblazed turn and of a sudden realized the truth. For a long moment I could think of nothing, see nothing, hear nothing, only be conscious of the fact of my utter helplessness. I felt the heart deadening panic of the trapped animal, wanting to run against my barriers on every side. Only a moment, I say, and then my reason was alert to solve the problem of return. But the mental experience left a vivid impression, and I can understand the despair of the really lost, wandering endlessly in aimless circles.—*Outing Magazine.*

## A SWORDFISH DUEL.

Two of the Monsters in a Vicious and Deadly Battle.

The big swordfish had reached the blue waters of the ocean when without warning a blue backed torpedo-like body shot out of the depths, coming at it like an arrow.

The swordfish tipped intuitively, and a sword grazed its head as a big, thicket member of its own family swept through the waters above it.

The two fish turned and came at each other like mad bulls. Again by some miracle they missed, just grazing one another, to whirl about and begin the circling play for time and opportunity.

Then, like flashes of light, they turned and came on with a strange whistling sound and a compact that tossed the white churned spume high in the air—came together as only bodies weighing 200 or 300 pounds can when impelled by animate vibrant engines of unknown power—came together and remained there, whirling, tossing tails in air, rolling over and over. The long slender fish had pierced the other, and the terrific efforts on the part of the fish were to unsheath the sword, which was only accomplished after a struggle for several minutes.

Then both fishes shot away, then again came together, giving mighty staid blows, and then out of the red stained water one broke and fled.

The writer found the largest of these fishes a few days later on the sand, where it had been washed or thrown by the waves. Four or five deep wounds marked the body.

In one rush the sword had entered the eye, coming out at the gills; another cut a furrow along the top of the head, another still had entered slightly from below, but the real cause for defeat was evident in its sword, which was splintered and broken against its enemy.—*Recreation.*

## The Truth Anyway.

A teacher in a tenement district hurried from the school to find the mother of a pupil who had been taken quite ill.

"Can you show me where Mrs. Angelo Scandale lives?" she inquired of a cherub transplanted from the sunny south to a dark, sunless alley.

"Yes, teach, I show you," and a willing, sticky hand dragged her on with such speed as to make her stumble over an Italian dame seated on the threshold.

After the teacher's breathless flight toward the clouds the little hand stopped tugging.

"There where Mees Scandale live," indicated the horizontal arm and finger, "but she downstairs sitting on the step," finished the smiling lips.—*Harper's Magazine.*

## Home.

Home! How deep a spell that little word contains! It is the circle in which our purest, best affections move and consecrate themselves, the hive in which, like the industrious bee, youth gathers the sweets and memories of life for age to meditate and feed upon! It is childhood's temple and manhood's shrine—the ark of the past and the future.—*Uhland.*

## DODGED THE BULLETS.

Incident of the Italian Revolution of 1848 in Brescia.

The Count de Hubner tells in his memoirs a thrilling story of an adventure in the Italian city of Brescia during the days of the revolution of 1848. When the trouble began in the streets he contrived to get into a house, taking with him two or three other persons, including the wife of a minor official who had entrusted the lady for awhile to the count's care, but who was to have certain news of her as soon as possible.

The firing grew heavier, and the rebels soon had possession of almost every house in the street.

On the 19th of March Count de Hubner decided that he must do something toward bettering his position in case of an assault, and he forced his only remaining servant to make a dash across the street to the palace where the Austrian general, Rath, was quartered, two blocks away and on the other side. The man was merely to let the general know that De Hubner himself was coming and to ask that the gates be held ready for him.

"Myself, prudence and my honor had a long and heated argument," says Count de Hubner. "Finally I pulled myself together. I had to let Prince Metternich know about myself, to make a last report and to keep my word about poor Mme. M. I undid the door, drew a long breath and plunged down the street.

"The bullets flew all around me, splattering in leaden showers from the stone pavement. As I arrived at the gates of the palace they swung inward, and in a second I was inside, unscathed. But only half my journey was done. I had still to go back again.

"A letter—my last report—was soon completed for Metternich and my message to the husband of Mme. M. was given. I had to return.

"Again the gates were opened and I bounded forth. A veritable fusillade followed. From every window and housetop came the spurts of white smoke, and I tried to dodge forty bullets at once. In a minute I had reached my own door, and as I did so I turned to look back.

"Another man left the palace gates at full speed, but before he had half crossed the street a puff of smoke shot out of a window and he fell flat and was instantly lying like a log across the gutter. The fire stopped at once—what use would even an Italian see in shooting a dead man?

"But on the second that all became quiet to my great astonishment I saw this 'dead man' rise to his legs like a cat and dash across the street into the half open door waiting for him. The sharpshooters were taken by surprise and he escaped."

## Beggars in Italy.

As the natural beauties of Italy increase toward the south so do the beggars in numbers and persistence. The lame, the halt and the blind confront one everywhere in Naples. Mothers exhibit the ailments of pitiable children, and strong, well children follow the foreigner about, begging for soldi. They stick like leeches to the traveler unaccustomed to the country's ways, sometimes even laying hands on him to call attention to their needs. This nuisance is in no small degree due to the careless generosity of tourists who scatter coppers to be struggled for by scoundrels in the streets or whose hearts are touched by pitiable spectacles. It is, however, better to make a firm rule not to give. In the first place your money when given to manifestly needy beggars is often extorted from them by able-bodied loafers. Besides, if you give one you'll soon find a crowd after you. If you must give, give little. A soldo (equivalent of our cent) is sufficient. Knowledge of methods of dismissing importunate beggars, touts and vendors will be found useful on reaching Naples and other cities of the south. The word "niente" (nothing), spoken firmly, is the first to use. If this does not suffice try what Baedeker describes as "a slight backward motion of the head, accompanied by a somewhat contemptuous expression." "Va via!" (Italian for "Get out!") may also be found useful.—*Travel Magazine.*

## Firstborns Will Agree.

They were discussing the law of entail—the English law bequeathing the bulk of the family property to the eldest son.

"There is 50 per cent of logic in that law," said a physician, "and if the family property went to the firstborn, whether son or daughter, the law would contain 100 per cent of logic. For the firstborn child is practically always the best—best in brain, in build, in beauty, in everything."—*Atlanta Constitution.*

## To Treat Damp Walls.

To cure damp walls make a varnish of one part of shellac to two parts of naphtha, and cover the damp part thoroughly with it. This varnish has a disagreeable smell, but it soon wears off, and the wall is covered with a coating perfectly impervious to damp. The wall paper can be applied in the usual way when once the wall is dry.



## SPIRIT OBSESSION.

In the November number of Reason, that very excellent monthly, the editor, Dr. E. F. Austin, B. A., gave a valuable article on the above subject, which we give in full.

We write not to create but allay public fear of obsessing spirits, knowing that fear hath torment and fear weakens and enthral.

There are facts, however, in connection with this forbidding subject with which the people generally should be made acquainted. All should know the real dangers in the pathway of life and how to escape therefrom and how to give a helping hand (thought) to others.

To begin, then, it seems to have been part of the teaching of all the great religions that incarnate spirits may obsess mortals, and, in some cases, actually gain control of mortal bodies, either driving out or subduing the rightful tenant and controlling the organism in part, or wholly, as their own. This is spoken of as "diabolic possession," and, in one sense, is rightly so named, yet it is well to note that neither the Spiritual Philosophy of this age nor the Psychic Research movement gives the slightest endorsement to the orthodox church teaching regarding a personal devil, nor regarding "devils" generally. The New Theology of our times does not recognize either a rival of God in the government of the universe or any incorrigibly bad and hopelessly depraved spirits.

There are, doubtless, evil spirits of various degrees of malignity, and many more troublesome and ignorant spirits, as there are evil men and women in our mortal sphere; yet the great law of progress applies to the realms of spirit as it does to this world; and as evil men and women grow out of their evil conditions and environments here into more of knowledge, truth and spirituality, so, doubtless, the ignorant, malignant and undeveloped spirits will—yea, must, under the progressive forces within them—grow into larger and nobler character.

It is well to know also that "diabolic possession," as it is called, is exceedingly rare, and that, difficult as it doubtless is to overcome it, the victim can be relieved by one who understands the laws that govern the human soul. Jesus cast out these so-called devils, and all the great founders of religions have been able, according to history, like Jesus and his disciples, to "cast out" evil spirits.

Spirit obsession, however, which simply implies that some incarnate spirit is in such close proximity to a mortal—either wilfully or ignorantly—as to annoy, hinder, or terrify the mortal, is a much more common experience and one that yields readily to those possessing the requisite knowledge and the magnetic forces necessary for relief.

Before pointing out to our readers the course to be pursued in cases of obsession we may pause to inquire briefly how and why this obsession takes place.

Doubtless, it will simplify the whole case if I assert, as I do without any hesitation, that mortals obsess other mortals, and that in this obsession of mortals by mortals we have the best illustrations of spirit obsession of mortals, and the best hints as to proper procedure in such cases.

The law of telepathy—now scientifically established—is of much wider sweep and much more constant occurrence than most people imagine. While but few cases are recorded where mortals consciously communicate their ideas to each other telepathically, the influence of mind upon mind at a distance, through thought power unconsciously exercised, is as constant as our breathing. This takes place especially between those akin or those on the same planes of mental and spiritual vibration.

Now wherever one mortal mind dominates unduly another mortal mind, there is in reality spirit obsession. The hypnotic subject is, for a time, a victim of spirit obsession. We are not writing in opposition to hypnotism—which is a mighty fact and a wonderful power for good or evil—but we would like to utter a warning word against either the indiscriminate practice of it or against the foolhardiness of yielding one's self up to professional hypnotism.

Nothing but a serious object and a full knowledge of the laws that govern it on the part of the hypnotizer will justify one in either practicing it on others or yielding to it himself.

Now wherever a husband unduly dominates the thought and life of a wife, or the wife the life of her husband, there is in reality a measure of obsession. This is far too frequent, as we know. We see the cause of it here is

selfish desire to master other minds and lives and reduce others to a position of slavery.

Spirits are mortals unclothed of their fleshly tenements, yet not without the selfishness and desire of domination that characterized them as mortals. Many who, as mortals, dominate the lives of fellow mortals here pass over into the spirit realm and still dominate their former subjects.

Many spirits are drawn to mortals by passions and appetites, not outgrown upon the earth plane, and seek in partial or complete control of a mortal organism a gratification of these earthly desires.

Others come ignorantly into the aura of mortals and become entangled therein and know not how to disentangle themselves.

Others are drawn back by love of their earth friends and come into such close contact that their friends are afflicted with all the symptoms of the disease which carried these spirits out of the body. Many mortals, who have all the symptoms of a certain disease, are simply experiencing a form of spirit obsession and have no organic trouble whatever—though if the obsession continues the organism may become in time diseased.

Other spirits are attracted into a human aura by the fact that a temporary affinity has been created between the mortal and the spirit by the mortal yielding his mind up to the some uncontrollable passion. For example, a man who becomes furiously and murderously angry with another man may—he having created the murder vibration in his own aura—attract to himself from spirit life some murderer, and the harmonious murder vibrations of the two uniting may carry the mortal forward to actual murder.

But, perhaps, enough has been written to indicate generally the source of the evil. What about relief from it?

First, if we find ourselves troubled by any spirit influence, whether mortal or incarnate, we have but to arouse our own spirit forces and resist it. "Resist the devil and he will flee from you," is an old proverb. We have but to recall our right to personal liberty and freedom, summon our own forces, and remembering that God and his holy angels are always on the side of right and truth, demand, if need be, a host of angelic helpers and regain absolute freedom.

In the case of others, I would advise:

1. Get a psychic, if such an one is available, to properly diagnose the case. The seer can see what ordinary mortals cannot see. Find out who it is that is troubling the victim. Find out how and why he came so annoyingly near and why he persists in remaining there if he is, indeed, able to extricate himself.

2. Summon a band of harmonious friends—those possessing large magnetic powers, if possible—and make a circle with the victim in the center.

3. Let some one offer an earnest prayer for angelic aid and wisdom and let each one summon his band of spirit friends to assist in the good work to be accomplished.

4. Let now the thought and will forces of all present be turned upon the obsessing spirit in calm, persistent, unrelenting desire and determination that he shall depart.

5. Let some one enter into kind and courteous conversation with the obsessing spirit—dealing with him as with a mortal, who either ignorantly or wilfully has trespassed on another's rights and liberty—explaining to him the evil consequences to himself and others of continuing to obsess a mortal, and appealing (as to mortals) to his inner sense of right and justice.

6. Maintain the forces, both the magnetic force in the circle and the thought and spirit forces, and direct them without intermission or abatement upon the intruder. If he yields not to persuasion and kindness, command him to depart, and by the combination of earthly and spiritual forces compel him to do so.

### She Was a Stayer.

One of the longest visits on record is one that was made by a woman in the south. Perhaps such a thing could not have happened in a less hospitable part of the country. The visitor was one of those most unfortunate waifs and strays of the country—a refined woman with no home of her own. That was in the days when women were expected to be cared for and not go out into the world to look out for themselves. This woman went one day to spend the day with a friend, and she remained for twenty-five years. She outlived the father and mother of the family, took their places to some extent in the hearts of the children, and for all those years she lived there happy and beloved and giving in return for her home those services which cannot be hired.—Exchange.

## FIRESIDE JOTTINGS.

BY MATTIE E. HULL.

(For The Sunflower.)

I have not forgotten the promise I made to you when I bade you good-bye at Lily Dale last summer. My promise was made in good faith, and I little thought so long a time would elapse before I made my words good—that I would occasionally send a communication to the Sunflower.

In the event of Mr. Hull's transition a double work has fallen upon me, and while, for the greater part, strength has been mine to perform the work, I have felt the necessity of keeping my pen (as far as the press is concerned) in close quarters, as I have had a large correspondence and much business which has claimed my attention.

The Sunflower has come to hand regularly since having been transplanted to its new home. I am sure its many friends are glad that it was not allowed to die, when the soil from which it sprang and was sustained for so many years was removed from Lily Dale. While we may regret that the "printing plant" has been taken from the spot where W. H. and Evie Bach made it possible to live for a time, we are glad the Sunflower was left and its friends have faith that it will live and grow. Spiritualists ought to be free from all narrowness occasioned by geographical lines. Every effort, whether of voice or pen, which helps our cause in any way, and in any locality, helps it in all places, when it is considered as a whole.

Although I have not reported through our papers of late, it has not been because there has been nothing to say. I have been busy and much ought to be said in connection with the work wherein my chief interest at present is enlisted, namely, the Morris Pratt Institute. I am happy to inform those among your readers who are interested in this work that every prospect is encouraging. At present we have a much larger membership enrolled than ever before. The work of the junior and freshman class would do credit to any school in the land. We are proud of our students. They are not only studious, but they are thinkers, and every class, in whatever line of work, is alive with enthusiasm and breathing through and through with animation. Every student desires to do his best. We have not a selfish nor a jealous one among us, unless close observations and psychic sense belie the situation.

Prof. A. J. Weaver has found his responsibilities increased since the transition of Mr. Hull, but time sets lightly upon him, and he seemingly endures his arduous work with less exhaustion than during some of the former years. He lays no claim to mediumship, or, to any marked degree, psychic power, but who shall say he may not be in almost continuous rapport with the sustaining power of the spirit, manifested in part through our lately arisen president of the school, one of Mr. Weaver's warmest admirers and closest of friends, one who bore with him to the spiritual world the prayer that the Morris Pratt School might become a success? I do not doubt but there are many who, possibly unknown to the beloved principal and instructor, strengthen him for the work in hand, until some other may take his place, when he shall have been promoted to the higher department and he finds the place in the realm of souls he has so richly earned.

Our beloved Mrs. Niver still continues as our teacher in the department of oratory. We all feel she is as one "set apart" to conduct the work she represents in the school. Her physical condition improves with the passing days. Her power of endurance is almost marvelous when we think of her condition as it was a few years since. She not only teaches more periods than any other in the school, she instructs extra classes, outside of the M. P. I. She trains our students for monthly dramatic entertainment. She is the president of the boarding club, conducted by our students on the Cafeteria system, keeps the books and takes her regular turn as one of the committee to look after many details in the kitchen, as often as becomes her turn in the regular order to do so.

The psychic department is still under the direction of the writer, not that she is the best, probably, that could be obtained for the work, but low funds have not permitted salaried instructors, and so, since the first two months, her services have been given "without money and without price," excepting a portion of the time she has been permitted to retain a pupil in the school. Prof. Weaver has served on the same terms, and Mrs. Weaver, also, who gives efficient service as matron and assistant secretary, as it is impossible for Mrs. C. L. V. Richmond to remain at the headquarters of the M. P. I., Mrs.

Weaver conducts the correspondence, and takes charge of the books.

It does not occur to my memory whether Prof. Weaver has informed your readers of the munificent donation in the way of a one thousand dollar endowment fund from Mr. and Mrs. Sanders, of Elyria, O. The endowment plan was the one to have been carried out by Mr. Hull, had he remained in the form to have performed his work on behalf of the school the present year. Have we not reason to believe he is aware of all good that is rendered the cause to which he gave his life?

I have but little to say of myself, personally. My work as director (under the direction of invisible teachers) in psychic department, and as pastor of the First Spiritualist church of this place, seems to be well approved. This gives me a little happiness as I journey on, at best a lonely pilgrim amid the shadows of the lowlands in earthly experiences. Sometimes the light falls from his countenance into my soul; sometimes his voice, as in a soft and loving cadence, thrills me, and, while it comforts me, it gives me also the deep, realizing sense that as a mortal I am bereft of the strong arm that held me up over the hard places in a world of material things. I am working and waiting and shall thrill with joy when from the uplands I shall hear the call, "Come hither and we will continue the work and love it as in the dear old days."

Whitewater, Wis., Nov. 14, 1907.

### The Christian Guardian and Spiritualism.

Herbert G. Paull, in a lengthy and able article in the Toronto, Ont., Globe, brings the Christian Guardian (organ of Methodism of Canada) to task for its evident unfairness in denouncing fraud and fakirism and labeling these Spiritualism and then refusing to allow true Spiritualism a hearing in its columns.

The Guardian is at its old tricks again. When Dr. Austin's case was before the country it circulated as widely as it could a false statement about the "heretic" and then refused him space in which to reply to its calumny. Now it parades ten columns of fakirism before its readers and seeks to stifle inquiry and damn the new religion as fraud and imposture. Mr. Paull deals in a trenchant style with this action of the Christian (?) Guardian, as the following extracts show:

"The champion of the Methodist organ, in two articles of about ten columns in length, professes to expose what no enlightened Spiritualist believes. His so-called exposures are so primitive as to be scarcely fit to be classed with the baby tricks of a second-rate prestidigitateur at a children's matinee—truly the poor man has been duped and ridiculed by himself.

"Does the editor of the Christian Guardian suppose for one moment that he can muzzle earnest, reverent inquiry, or stifle the hungering search of honest investigation by such attempts at ridicule? So far as Dr. Austin and Mr. Wheeler are concerned, neither of these gentlemen is likely to be injured by the course of the Guardian. I count both of them my personal friends, and believe their characters to be above reproach and fully able to stand the keenest scrutiny.

"Does the editor of the Methodist weekly know that the teaching of Spiritualism does not consist in table-tapping, spirit-rapping, ghost seances, so-called psychometrical readings, or the questionable feats of dishonest mediums, but rather in a great divine principle and holy philosophy as broad as the broadest Christianity, and all-embracing in its scope and hope, and is the one great wholesome belief that is destined ultimately to be the leaven which shall leaven all the religions the wide world over, because its essence and essentials are always first and last truth. Spiritualism absorbs the veriest grain or germ of truth where and whenever found, and claims it for its own, for the one purpose that it may give it out again.

"The Methodist Church may excommunicate, if you please, Dr. Austin because he believes truer than the narrowness of dogmatism warrants, and may cast him aloof as a heretic, or it may deal as unjustly as it pleases with the ripest Hebrew scholar of the whole Methodist connection, Dr. Workman, but it can never stifle the spirit of investigation, God-directed, or quell the righteous indignation of the tolerant masses by such a travesty of justice and flagrant violation of the spirit and letter inculcated in the teaching of the thirteenth chapter of First Corinthians.

"Man has a divine right to think and investigate along any line of natural phenomena; it was for that he was created, that he might come to a

knowledge of the truth as taught by Him who taught the purest spiritual philosophy and courted the highest scientific inquiry of His day.

"And personally if I had perforce to choose, much as I love the Methodist Church, whether I would submit to the anathema and vengeance of the connexional journal or leave the Methodist body, I would unhesitatingly choose liberty of thought, that for which Protestantism fought and bled, and leave the Methodist Church."—Reason.

### A Birthday Anniversary.

Editor Sunflower:

The author of the following acrostic has kindly consented that we may head our article regarding the above event with said verse.

#### AN ACROSTIC.

(By Eliza G. Brewer-Kemble.)

Home, sweet abiding place of peace and joy,  
Oh! what a gift from our heavenly Father, free  
from alloy:  
May family ties gather, scattering peace that  
cheers,  
Elevating in precept and thought, progressive  
through years.

Several days have passed since this very pleasant birthday gathering took place Tuesday, November 5, 1907, at the home of Mr. and Mrs. William H. Harris of 24 Grace street, Buffalo. It is hoped that space will be given in the bright and cheerful Sunflower, as it was the occasion of celebrating Mrs. Harris' 31st birthday, and was one of perfect harmony and good cheer.

We name a few among those present: Mr. Harris, father of Mr. William H. Harris, Mr. and Mrs. George Stroh, their two sons and little daughter, Mildred, the elder Mrs. Stroh and daughter, Miss Kate Stroh, Mrs. Kamm and daughter, Miss Kamm, and Mrs. Kemble.

Mrs. Harris, the hostess, was assisted in receiving by Mrs. George Stroh. At an early hour an elaborate supper was partaken of. Our sister, Mrs. Kemble, being the oldest guest, had the unexpected honor conferred upon her in the offering of grace.

After justice had been done to this goodly supper, games were participated in by the younger guests, while the elder guests engaged in social visiting, mostly of a progressive character. Much pleasure and amusement was given to all present through the Edison phonograph.

Among the neat and handsome presents received by the hostess was a money order from her father, Mr. M. C. Kimball, who resides in New York City. In looking back in earl remembrance Mrs. Harris, this young hostess, recalled the sad passing away of her dear mother, when she was only an infant. This dear mother's demise came through the fiery feld of coal oil.

Before the clock chimed 12 the friends bade Mr. and Mrs. Harris good bye, wishing her many returns of the day. Our sister, Mrs. Kemble, remained until Sunday, the 10th inst., when the same way provided for her to be taken to Grace street was provided to take her back to the Home of the Friendless, "old ladies home," through the favor of Mrs. J. J. McWilliams, requesting their coachman to drive for her with their handsome old horse, aged twenty-seven years.

### Blind from Birth But Sees.

Anna J. Chapin, a blind lady, writing in Light, of clairvoyance among the blind, says:

"One of the greatest mistakes to which humanity is prone is the belief that our five physical senses are the only avenues to knowledge. I have no reason to suppose that all blind people are specially gifted with clairvoyance, yet it would seem that the ability of those who are should be exceptional, from the very fact of their affliction, so-called. Referring to my own case, I may mention that I was born without physical sight; noon-day and midnight being precisely the same to me. My only idea of light and color are what I have gained through my psychic gift. This is true also of many things which my hands have never touched and which have never been described to me. In this connection I may mention having once seen a steam-engine, but I had not the remotest idea what it might be, until, after I had described it as best I could, the gentleman for whom I was sitting informed me that he was an engine driver, and that the machine I had described was his engine.

"The question most commonly asked me is 'How do you see?' The best answer I can give is, that the thing shown seems to rise before me. I sometimes find myself opening my eyes, as if striving for more light, though why I should do this I cannot say. One of the things given me purely through clairvoyance, which I most prize, is the power to see and read the human hand without touching it, and it makes not the slightest difference if the hand is gloved. I trust that this letter will meet the eyes of some of my kind questioners."



## LIGHT FROM EVERYWHERE

EAST NORTH  
WEST SOUTH



This department is conducted to enable Spiritualists and Public Workers to keep in touch with each other and with the work. Send us notices of your engagements or any other items of interest. Officers of societies, send us reports of your meetings, entertainments, what speakers you have, your elections, reports of annual and other business meetings, in fact, everything you would like to know about other societies.

Write reports with typewriter or plainly with pen and ink. Never use a pencil or write on both sides of the paper.

Make items short and to the point. We will adjust them to suit the space we have to use. A weekly notice of your meetings written on a postal card would look well in this column.

Always sign your full name and address to every communication, not necessarily for publication, but as a guarantee of good faith. "Correspondent" or "subscriber" gives us no clue to the author. The printed article can be signed that way if you wish it but we must have your name for our own information.

Manuscripts will not be returned unless stamps are enclosed for return postage. If not used they will be retained thirty days and then destroyed. Retain copies of poems as we do not return them if we can not use them.

Suggestions for the improvement of the paper are invited.

Dr. Austin is conducting a class in Psychic Science at his home, 10 Arlington street, Rochester, N. Y., Monday evenings. He has a class in the "Wonderful Yoga Teachings" in Plymouth church parlors Thursday evenings.

Red Wing, Minn., Nov. 10, 1907.  
Editor of Sunflower:—

I am much pleased to add my voice to the many who have spoken and written about the continued good prospects for "our Sunflower" and hope you may meet with the success all your friends have wished you.

FRANK E. CURRIER.

Dr. Austin, editor of Reason, announces that the Christmas number of that excellent journal will be a special one, containing valuable original contributions from twenty of our best authorities on Spiritualism, New Thought and New Theology, with portraits of many of them. An extra edition will be printed to supply the Christmas demand.

Dr. D. M. King, of Mantua, O., is in readiness to give lectures for societies or otherwise at places not too distant from his home. He can be secured for parlor or evening entertainments, where he will give short talks and phrenological readings. His schedule of lectures includes Anthropology, Its Nature, Scope and Utility. Origin, Growth and Destiny of the Human Race. Prehistoric Men and American Antiquities. Conscious and Unconscious Personal Influence on Human Life. Methods of Operation, Influence of Ancestry and Environments Upon the Physical, Mental and Moral Development of Man. The doctor also gives phrenological examinations.

While visiting in New York City with our beloved Margaret Gaule Riedinger, the writer had the extreme pleasure of meeting with the Ladies' Aid of the First Spiritual church there. The officers are Mrs. G. R. Storm, president; Mrs. D. A. Reynolds, first vice-president; Mrs. M. Everitt, second vice-president; Mrs. M. A. Newton, secretary; Mrs. M. G. Riedinger, treasurer. During the business meeting things of importance were discussed. They are financially strong as an aid.

Later I was called on to tell of the work of the Aid and the Lyceum in Pittsburg. Margaret Gaule followed with several messages, all proof of her wonderful powers. Her home is thrown open to the Aid Society, and all in her power is done to further the cause of Spiritualism.

M. K. C., Pittsburg.

Lakeside, Nov. 5, 1907.  
Frank Walker:

Dear Brother: I congratulate you in your new field of endeavor. I feel you are the "right bower," will make it (the Sunflower) a spicy and interesting paper with the help and cheers from our Spiritual brethren throughout the United States. To help you with my mite, I shall and I enclose to you an article clipped from our San Diego Evening Tribune which I think is worthy of inserting in one of our papers, so I send it to you, subject to your approval. A parallel case happened here in San Diego some four years ago. A lady, not a professed Spiritualist, sitting by her table reading, saw her spirit mother come by her and place a long-lost book on the table, then dematerialize. I am an old man, 77 years old, with an invalid wife, helpless in bed, for three months past. I am 27 miles from San Diego, 1500 feet elevation, on 160-acre fruit ranch, the finest climate in the United States. Today the thermometer was 80 degrees at noon down to 65 degrees at night, cool and nice;

346 days in the year sun shines. So you see it's God's country to live in.

Wishing you prosperity,  
Yours, fraternally,

DR. H. M. BAILEY.

The article enclosed by the writer of the above was published in the September 28th issue of the Sunflower, a month before its appearance in the San Diego paper.

From a belated number of the London, England, Light (October 5th) we clip the following:

The Sunflower has changed hands, and the new editor, Mr. Frank Walker, of Hamburg, N. Y., has made a good commencement in the issue of September 14th. We are pleased to observe that he has thought well to revert to the ordinary spelling of the word "thought" and wish him every success in his efforts to be of service to the cause of Spiritualism. He opens with a good article by Susan Duke Bishop who, among many good thoughts, says: "The only way to get a great amount of help from spiritual teachers is to increase the capacity of receiving. Whoever studies psychic lore except through the upreaching of the soul will receive but a niggardly portion, and what does come will be of little value. Feeling is the keynote of spirit communion; it is the keynote of art, of music and poetry; of everything which has to do with the soul; and not only the performer must be in perfect accord with the spirit, but the observer, the listener, must be able to appreciate the rhythm that vibrates through his organism."

Light is edited by Mr. E. Dawson Rogers and is one of the ablest edited and best of Spiritual exponents. We have and expect to continue to give our readers articles taken from Light's columns. Though we think alike in our "thoughts" we will still have to differ in the use of quotation marks, as American usage is the reverse of English.

HORSEHEADS, N. Y., Nov. 7, 1907.  
Editor Sunflower:

Your valuable paper comes indirectly into our home. We were especially interested in a recent article upon "Organization" from the pen of Mrs. Mary Ward of Kingsville, Ohio. We desire to know more of the methods which spirit employs in organizing mind. Also how or through what systematic methods we must come in contact with material forces to develop faculties and multiply brain cells, through which spirit may express more perfectly its invincible power. We desire to hear often from these "pioneers" who have carried the banner of Spiritualism unsullied, and still have messages to deliver to those who have attained intellectual brilliancy and mental poise, but hunger for more thought from the very depths of soul life. Mrs. Mary Ward (Von Kanzler's) past service in Elmira and southern New York can not be estimated in words, but, like the "song" that was breathed out into the air and fell to the earth, it was found afterward from beginning to end in the heart of a friend.

May love, prosperity and peace attend her is the wish of Elmira friends.

Very truly yours,  
(MRS.) FRANCES H. BROOKS.

LAWTON, Oklahoma, Nov. 14, 1907.  
Editor Sunflower:

This article finds us very busy in our present field of work. There is so much tilling of the soil, so much prejudice against our cause.

The financial panic has struck this part of the country so hard that it is causing almost insurmountable difficulty for us. The Church of Spiritual Light is composed of true Spiritualists, who are willing to make great sacrifice for the upbuilding of our cause.

November 7th we held a Gypsy Queen Social that proved to be a marked success. The Gypsy's warning and answer were pathetically acted, the queen and her subjects all doing their parts well.

Refreshments were served by the ladies, who deserve unusual credit for the expenditure of time and money made by them to make this feature of the evening a success. We concluded with a social dance. As the night advanced, and we all began to think of going home the general expression was, "We have had a most enjoyable time, and all expressed a willingness to come to our next social, which will be of a literary nature, and is to take place December 5th."

I will answer calls for transition services, or to perform marriage ceremonies. I would like to correspond with camp associations with a view to lecture engagements for the season of 1907-8 especially with northern and eastern camps, as I am arranging for an eastern trip for next summer. Address all communications to Rev. Alice Baker, 416 avenue B, Lawton, Oklahoma.

Very cordially and fraternally yours,  
REV. ALICE BAKER.

## Buffalo Tidings

N. H. EDDY, CORRESPONDENT

Mrs. R. W. Barton has taken up her residence in Buffalo, at 252 West Ferry street, where she will give psychic readings, also hold circles.

Mrs. D. P. Moore, formerly of 49 Getchell street, has moved to 115 Hirschbeck street, where she will be pleased to see her friends and patrons.

The Psychic and Social Club will hold its second social and dance in parlors of Temple, Prospect avenue and Jersey street, Tuesday evening, November 26th. Come and bring your friends and have a jolly good time.

Mr. and Mrs. Charles L. Johnson, 506 Niagara street, are happy over the birth of a son, born November 11th. Mrs. Johnson is prominent in the work at the Temple. She was president of the Ladies' Aid before it disbanded.

An oyster supper and social will be given at the home of Mrs. M. E. Lane, 723 Prospect avenue, for the benefit of the First Spiritual church, Tuesday evening, November 19th. Come, bring your friends and help the cause along.

Friday evening, November 29th, there will be a card party at parlors of the Temple, Prospect avenue and Jersey street, for the benefit of the Temple Fund. Excellent prizes will be awarded to the winners of most games. Refreshments will be served and a general good time is expected. Come and bring your friends.

Dr. Levi J. Alexander, of 352 Myrtle avenue, 84 years of age, reports that he has excellent health and lots to do. The doctor takes much interest in assisting those who have psychic gifts and has spent many years in that line of work and meets with good success in the development of mediumship. The doctor is highly respected by all who know him.

The mediums' meeting at Harmony Circle Society, 351 Main street, Keystone Hall, Sunday afternoon, November 10th, was well attended. Among the mediums who took part were Mr. Charles Hulbert, president of society, Mrs. Crosby and Mr. Roy Johnson. Between the services of the afternoon and evening refreshments were served and a right social time enjoyed.

Prof. Lockwood's subject November 10th (morning) was, Can The Human Intellect be Hypnotized by Religious Enthusiasm? Sunday evening topic, Is Human Volition the Transmitter and the Sensory System of Man the Receiver of Mental Messages? Discourse illustrated by spirit messages given by Mrs. C. L. Chase. A good sized audience was present in the evening and gave marked interest to the lecture and messages.

Mrs. M. E. Lane, of 723 Prospect avenue, is kept very busy in her business of medical and magnetic treatments. Her Monday evening circles at her house are well attended. Mrs. Lane also goes to Batavia once a week, where she and her guides hold a weekly meeting, and circle for spirit messages. Much interest is taken in these services by those who attend. Large numbers come out to hear her and much success is attained as results of her labor.

Wednesday evening seance at Temple, Prospect avenue and Jersey street, November 13th, was conducted by Miss Juergensen. Mr. Herman A. Lundquist, president. Miss Juergensen gave psychic readings from the various articles which had been laid on the table by those in the audience. A goodly number of descriptive readings and messages were given during the evening, which were very satisfactory, as acknowledged by those who received same.

Syracuse, N. Y.

Spiritualist services are being held at 1002 Montgomery street, Sunday a. m., 10:45 o'clock, conference meeting; 7:45 p. m. Rev. Adaline Cooper delivers a discourse. Wednesday of each week there are services. Any one visiting in this city will be made welcome if they will attend the meeting.

The Lone Star Spiritualist Society will hold three services December 1st at 1002 Montgomery street. The church will be decorated. Different speakers will be present and assist. Mr. and Mrs. I. M. France will render a duet. A solo will be sung by the vice-president, Robert Hammond. The society has found him a ready and efficient worker.

The Lone Star Spiritualist Society held a pan-cake social Thursday evening, November 7th, at its rooms, 1002 Montgomery street. Although there was a steady storm of rain and snow all day and continued all the evening, a most enjoyable time was had. It was pronounced a success, both socially and financially.

Pittsburg.

First Church of Spiritualists, Bouquet street, Pittsburg.

Regular services Sundays 11 a. m. and 7:45 p. m. Thursdays at 7:45 p. m. Lyceum Sundays at 10 a. m. Ladies' Aid Thursday afternoons at 3. Visitors cordially welcome.

A week of meetings is to be held in Pittsburg, Pa., by the First Spiritual Church on Bouquet street, commencing December 1st and closing the 8th.

The First Church of Spiritualists is to hold a genuine revival or series of meetings in the church every evening during that time, commencing at 7:15 o'clock, closing Sunday, the 8th, with three services, morning, afternoon and evening, with a reception of members on that evening. You are all invited to attend, and it is to be hoped there will be a good attendance from all over the state. I am unable to tell you at present just who will assist on the platform, as we have not our program adjusted yet but will present a good array of talent. So come, friends, one and all, and enjoy the good things.

Truly yours,

G. H. BROOKS.  
205 Bouquet street.

G. H. Brooks also writes: I began my two months' engagement with the First Church on the first Sunday in this month. The day was terrible, but the attendance was fine and the spirit beautiful. I met many old friends, besides forming new ones. Everything is moving on harmoniously. The last Sunday in this month, at 10:45 a. m., there is to be an ordination service at the First Church. Mr. Fisher, a young man full of promise, who has spoken in this section more or less for a long time, is to be ordained. The services will be full of interest, and all are invited. Then, on the 21st, which comes on Thursday, by day of week, the Ladies' Aid is to serve the regular annual dinner, where all the good things of earth will be spread before you, and of course you are expected to come and hope you will. Thus, you see, we are very much alive in this city. Send all mail and telegrams for the present to 205 Bouquet street, Pittsburg, Pa.

Philadelphia Note.

The Rev. G. Tabor Thompson, formerly a Baptist clergyman, officiates at the Temple of the First Association of Spiritualists, founded 1852. Lyceum founded 1864. Services at 10:30 a. m. and 7:30 p. m.

Lyceum, 2:30 p. m.

Capt. Francis J. Pfeffer, President.

F. H. Morrell, Secretary.

The annual meeting will be held Monday, October 7th.

Your life is a school, exactly adapted to your lesson. No room for a discouraged or depressed feeling, therefore, is left you. Enough that you exist for a purpose high enough to give meaning to life, and to support a genuine inspiration.—Horace Bushnell.

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Tabula Magus. A pocket chart that tells you the best hours of the day to begin any venture. You should try to collect money when the money planet rules. Look for pleasure when Venus rules. Avoid anything likely to be unpleasant when Mars rules. Price, complete work, \$1.00; abridged work, 50 cents.

Astrology in a Nut Shell. A book of 150 pages, filled with instructions in Astrology. Tells how to read your own horoscope, and how to tell the favorable time in each year. Twenty-seven pages questions and answers. Price, postpaid, \$1.50.

## MEDIUMS' AND SPEAKERS' DIRECTORY

Mediums and speakers frequently lose engagements because people do not know where to find them. To avoid this have your name and address listed in this directory, under the proper heading. Speakers and public mediums who subscribe for or advertise in the Sunflower by the year, can, upon application, have their names and addresses placed in this column under one heading free of charge. If more than one heading is desired, \$1.00 per year for each heading. Those marked with a star will attend funerals.

### MESSAGE MEDIUMS.

\*Mary E. Clark, 351 So. Warren St., Syracuse, N. Y.  
Fred B. Niles, 38 Gay St., Marlboro, Mass.  
Mrs. Tyler Moulton, 424 Lilly Ave., Columbus, O.  
Mrs. Elsie Stumpf, Lake Helen, Fla.  
Harriet H. Danforth, Lily Dale, N. Y.  
Charles Harding, 632 Dundas St., Woodstock, Ont.  
Mrs. B. W. Belcher, 233 Pleasant St., Marlboro, Mass.  
Walter Lynn, 784 8th St., Oakland, Cal.  
Mrs. O. W. Grant, 135 Prospect Ave., Buffalo, N. Y.  
Mrs. Edith McCrossman, 262 East First Ave., Columbus, O.  
Mrs. Elizabeth J. Demorest, Lily Dale, N. Y.  
Eva Schwartz, 214 East 25th St., 3d Avenue, New York City.  
Prof. C. Otis Johnson, 388 Pearl St., Buffalo, N. Y.  
Mrs. J. S. Steele, 3942 Pennsylvania avenue Pittsburg, Pa.

### HEALERS.

Dr. C. D. King, Onset, Mass.  
Mrs. F. E. Ellwanger, 2241 North 13th St., Philadelphia, Pa.  
Mrs. Mattie Rector, 140 Hicks St., Utica, N. Y.  
Mrs. Dr. Dobson-Barker, 230 North 6th St., San Jose, Cal.  
Mrs. A. A. Cawcroft, 333 East 2nd, Jamestown, N. Y.  
Vincel Drahos, Jim Black, Cedar Rapids, Ia.

### LECTURERS.

\*Mrs. Jennie Martin, 49 Dudley Place, Grand Rapids, Mich.  
Mrs. F. E. Ellwanger, 2241 North 13th St., Philadelphia, Pa.  
Mrs. M. E. Williams, 291 Richmond, S. I., N. Y.  
Mrs. S. Harris, 165 1/2 North High St., Columbus, O.  
Rev. Dr. J. B. Geddes, 103 Lafayette St., Jersey City, N. J.  
Mattie E. Hull, Whitewater, Wis.  
Mary C. Ward, Kingsville, O.  
C. W. Kates and wife, 600 Pennsylvania Ave., S. E., Washington, D. C.  
Mary M. Jennings, Moravia, N. Y.  
Mrs. Elizabeth J. Demarest, Lily Dale, N. Y.  
Mrs. Elsie Stumpf, Lake Helen, Fla.  
Dr. D. M. King, Mantua, O.

### SPIRIT PHOTOGRAPHERS.

Mr. and Mrs. A. Normann, Lily Dale, N. Y.

### SLATE WRITING.

Mr. and Mrs. A. Normann, Lily Dale, N. Y.

### ASTROLOGERS.

J. N. Larson, 28 Union St., Titusville, Pa.  
N. H. Eddy, 110 Prospect avenue, Buffalo, N. Y.  
Captain George W. Walrod, Rochester, N. Y.

### TRUMPET MEDIUMS.

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Frank McKinley, 15 West 64th St., New York City.

### MATERIALIZATION.

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## LECTURE BY MRS. RUSSEQUE.

(Continued from page 1.)

care, and what was the result? The astronomer declared there is a cause for this, and my duty is to discover the cause, and lo, a new world was born to his vision. Eye had not seen it, and ear had not heard it, but it had been waiting for the time for its development.

There are a thousand things that the eye of man has not seen and the ear of man has not heard, but they are the things that God has prepared for the souls of those who love Him. And what does this mean? It means that they are for those who come so close to Him that they may learn of His manifestation, that they may learn of His revelation, that they may come in closer kinship with His spirit. That is what it means. It does not mean that we shall build temples with walls, labelled "Thus saith the Lord," and shut ourselves in those walls governed by creed and superstition, but it means that we shall send out our thoughts, let them fly up into the universe, and like the eagle peer into its mysteries, learn the wonderful history, and know something more of God's law that is shining in and through nature for us. Remember there is not a law in nature that is not reflected in your organism, there is not a law of spirit that does not inhere in your lives, there is not a spark of divinity in Heaven or earth that is not in your lives, and it is your duty, and should become your privilege to bring forth the glory of that divinity into the active part or condition of your existence. You do not know yourselves, you do not recognize all that belongs to you. It requires the friction of life, it requires the exertion of intellect, it requires the continued effort that brings you in contact with all the world.

The chemist is not satisfied with the demonstration one wonder reveals, but is constantly striving to find something more. There is not a telescope on earth but that is peering into the Heavens to discover something. Professor Pierce declared that mathematics was the language of immortality, for multiplication could be carried on ad infinitum, far beyond the comprehension of man, until he has striven to ascend the heights of wisdom, and saw its full spiritual truth.

Friends, mediumship today is only in its infancy. Its revelations are still in the alphabet, they are growing day by day, hour by hour, phenomena growing upon phenomena, and mind is reaching out to mind, and worlds are being revealed to the consciousness of man that heretofore have never been seen or heard of. Spiritualism has taught us more of the wonderful manifestations of divinity than anything else. Theology built a home for humanity. It is created of all the precious metals, of all the priceless gems, its streets are paved with gold, the throne upon which the king sits is made of alabaster. What does it mean? It is the picture that grew out of the idols of wood and stone, and took upon themselves the nature of a spiritual comprehension. Imagination has created this wonderful picture, and we are seeking to find it way off yonder, forgetting that it is here, and within. God is speaking in tones that cannot be misunderstood by the careful student, the lover of nature hears the whispering of the Divine Spirit, the student of nature's revelations is communing with God, is speaking through all the avenues of thought and wisdom and life, to find there the Divine Spirit. Let us all come together, let us all become learners of that Divine wisdom that is radiating everywhere through this universe, illuminating all nature, and above all make us proud of these temples of God,—human souls.

Friends, when we have come to realize that we are each one of us God's temple, that you are one of His abiding places, you will desire to make that temple clean and white and pure, you will desire to make it worthy of the habitation of a human soul, you will desire to live such a life that the penetrating wisdom of divine love has looked within, and it shall not withdraw from it. Ah, me, when you have come to this consciousness of the inherent spirit of all life, the wonderful force of God, he will never have been so potent to you as now, He will never have been so much to you before as He is now, you will never feel the need of a pure and more perfect life than now, you will never realize your obligations to the God without until you comprehend the great need and obligation to the life within. The spirit of God must be realized within.

Take the drunkard from the gutter, low down in his degradation, and bring him into the parlor of the rich, when he opens his eyes and beholds the grandeur he will stagger away because of his blindness. He has not been unfolded to the comprehension of all those objects of beauty, he does not realize all that is manifest in them, and it is his desire to get away and hide himself from the conditions that he had before lived in. But lead him step by step, teach him the beauties and wisdom of spirituality, teach him the glory of nature, teach him the glory of spirit, of the divinity of man, and he will gaze upon the works of art with entranced vision, and he will listen to the harmony of music, almost willing to offer himself upon the altars of life with adoration, in place of a terrified shrinking from the beauties of nature. We need to gradually climb to the greater heights, unfold to stronger life, make ready our souls for the incoming tide of wisdom, and friends, your friends, my friends, all who have lived, and thought, and loved, will come to tell you the glad story.

Spiritualism has accomplished something more, it has taught the blind to see, and it tells you that the souls of men cannot die. Natural philosophy has prophesied that there is no such thing as the indestructibility of matter, the body of man cannot be destroyed, it changes its nature, it changes its relationships, but there is nothing under heavens that has ever been assigned to the lowest kingdom but the souls of men. Dogma has done this, not religion, and if Spiritualism has brought to the world the consciousness that the soul cannot die, and life means growth, then it has accomplished its mission, and taught the world that men must live and grow with and unto God forevermore.

## Lombroso's Experiments.

Rome, Nov. 11.—Another remarkable article on Spiritualism appears in the current number of *Lettura*, from the pen of Prof. Lombroso, who relates in detail the outcome of continued experiments conducted by him in conjunction with the well known medium, Eusapia Paladino.

There can be no doubt, asserts the professor, that genuine Spiritualistic phenomena are productive by intelligences totally independent of both the medium and the parties present at the seance.

On many occasions he has proved this to be the case, a notable instance being when three spirits actually appeared in the room together, each at a considerable distance from the others, and each producing distinct phenomena.

Prof. Lombroso says he must refuse to follow the example of the great majority of his brother savants, who, where Spiritualism is concerned, "deny the truth on principle."

## Spirit Reveals Treasure.

Rome, Nov. 11.—An astounding story of Spiritualism is published here, for the accuracy of which it is stated many highly placed persons are prepared to vouch.

It is said that a seance was recently given at the house of the Princess Del Drago, in this city, at which many journalists were present. The following message was "rapped" out by some unseen agency:

"I am the spirit of Lydia E—. I died on January 6, 1907. My mother is Helena S—, 80 years of age, and my husband is named Ferdinand E—. His age is 54. My home is in Cento. I wish to communicate with my mother and my husband, but though I have begged many mediums to help me they have all repulsed me. Will you be good enough to put me in communication with my mother and my husband?"

None of those present at the seance had ever heard of this Lydia E—, and Cento is an almost unknown town in the province of Ferrara. Accordingly it was decided to write to the mayor of Cento, and in due course a reply was received as follows:

"As a matter of fact, a certain Lydia E— did die here on January 6, 1907. Her mother is Helena S—, and her husband, Ferdinand E—. Their ages are 80 and 54 respectively."

Ferdinand E— was thereupon invited to come to Rome, and on his arrival he took part in another seance, at which the spirit of his dead wife dictated a message, telling him that before her death she buried in the garden of his house under a rose bush a sum amounting to \$4,000.

Some days later the husband, digging in his garden at the spot indicated, found the hoard of which he had received information in so uncanny a manner.

## SOUTHERN CASSADAGA CAMP.

Lake Helen, Florida.

Amid the daily arrivals of people who are coming to this healthy and sunny place, the people were shocked by a fire which consumed two cottages lately.

Mrs. Kate Lowber writes: "Last Sunday night (October 27th), had it not been for the efforts of the people here a fire would have wiped us out."

Several of us were attending a seance at Mrs. Bartholomew's cottage at 7 p. m. when just as it commenced Mrs. Bartholomew had gone under control, Mrs. McGarvey spied a light in the cottage next west of Mr. Bartholomew's cottage. All jumped up and in an instant the house was in flames, before we could get there.

Aler Eccles (a plumber from DeLand), who was at Mr. Bartholomew's doing plumbing work, rushed over first and said the back door was open and it looked as though set on fire.

The Bartholomews, by heroic efforts, saved their cottage, otherwise we should have been burned out. But luckily there was no wind and the water supply being inadequate, two cottages were burned.

Some of the trees and groves took fire and there was some danger that cottages on Prospect Heights might take fire; but the people fought hard and saved the rest.

The houses burned were the new one belonging to Kellogg and Johnson and the cottage adjoining owned by Mrs. Irwin (formerly Miss Johnson).

Mr. Frank Johnson, the builder, fell from a ladder lately and collapsed from heart failure, also Mrs. Frank Johnson. By great efforts they were restored.

Mrs. Elsie Stumpf has arrived. The Underhills have called for a day and gone to Cuba but will soon return. The Slater family has also come, but has gone to Cuba for a short visit and will soon occupy the new cottage on Lake Park.

Much painting has been done. The Spencers have painted their house. Mrs. Palmer has painted her's. Mr. Bartholomew is painting his, besides having some fine plumbing done in his house.

Mr. and Mrs. J. D. White are here. Several cottages have been rented and all the rooms in the apartment building have been engaged. The lakes are very low and rain is much needed. Orange and grape fruit adorn the yard.

My excursions for December sails on Clyde steamships near December 5th and 19th. Write for low rates and other information. It is best to engage state room as early as possible. Send 4 cents in stamps for postage on Clyde folder, etc.

H. A. BUDINGTON,  
91 Sherman St., Springfield, Mass.

## Concerning Camp Cassadaga.

LAKE HELEN, Fla., Nov. 11. We left Lily Dale Assembly grounds October 5th to its winter solitude of snow and ice, and after a short stay in Pennsylvania came on to Lake Helen, and found it as full of promise as ever; as full of sunshine, balmy air, flowers and fruit, butterflies, birds, bees and blessings to tired bodies, and rest to sad souls, as any earthly place could be. Mrs. Mary Estep of Rochester, N. Y., and Mrs. E. J. Sweet of Canton, Pa., journeyed down with us, and we found the camp cottages well filled. I think even more so than last year.

Since our arrival every day has brought new comers.

Mr. and Mrs. Baker, who spent the summer at Lily Dale, have returned to their home, on the campgrounds. With them came Mrs. Helen M. Sage and Mr. Maurice.

Mr. and Mrs. Thatcher of Jamestown have arrived and are putting their suites of rooms in order, most of which are already engaged.

Mrs. Black of Cleveland has rooms in Harmony Hall.

Mrs. Alger of Flint, Mich., has rented her cottage to Mrs. Sage.

Mr. and Mrs. Nickenson of Onset, Mass., are ensconced in their cottage home, "Nick's Den."

Mr. and Mrs. Young of Onset, Mass., are in their new home, just outside the gate.

Mrs. Pratt of Boston is "at home" at foot of Bond street.

Mr. and Mrs. E. W. Bond returned from Willoughby, O., the middle of October.

I fear it will fill your columns too full to give a detailed list of all arrivals, but it seems to me that all the old comers are coming in at once, and I would advise anyone thinking of coming to engage rooms soon as possible.

sible. Harmony Hall or Apartment House is full, and best places are all taken.

The improvements on the grounds have been many. Mr. Arthur Underhill bought and remodeled "Sweet Brier," on the hill.

Mrs. Spencer has made changes in her house and enlarged her dining room to seat sixty at table, so will be better prepared than ever to meet the demand for board.

The Misses White and Pritchard, I hear, are expected to run the Cassadaga Hotel dining room for the season.

Mr. and Mrs. George Bartholomew have regained their usual good health, so that Mrs. Bartholomew will give her usual sittings, with trumpet or for trance manifestations, as formerly.

Later on Mrs. Morrill of Grand Rapids, Mich., and Mrs. Thronson of Indiana will be here, as speakers and working mediums. Their work is highly creditable.

This is the only center of spiritual and psychic camp work now in action in our country, and all good thoughts are asked for, that it may accomplish a great and glorious work for the grand cause of human progress.

With kind thoughts from all here to the world at large,

Yours, sincerely,  
LEE MORSE.

## PENSION FUND GRATITUDE DAY.

I am glad that my first official appeal or communication to the Spiritualists of the United States is in the interest of the Pension fund, that is of such great importance to the cause all of us love so well. Our indigent mediums must not be permitted to suffer. The noble-hearted donor, Brother Mayer, has given them a perpetual help that will partly sustain the present pensioners, but the fund is now so exhausted that there will soon be an impossibility to help these needy ones in a material manner, unless there is an immediate increase of donations. To that end the board of trustees has instructed me to make a call to all auxiliary societies of the N. S. A., and all other societies of Spiritualists, and persons, to take a public collection and solicit personal contributions on the last Sunday of November.

Each society and person can make that day a memorable one for the cause of Spiritualism by a generous response.

Please remember that it is desired to make Sunday, November 24, 1907, a day of gratitude to the spirits and their mediums for help and comfort to humanity.

If you feel that the new officers of the N. S. A. should be encouraged in their earnest efforts that they shall make for the cause of Spiritualism, then respond to this needed call, and show that you are willing to join hands in creating a new era for our mutual cause.

Make all remittances to the N. S. A. office, 600 Pennsylvania avenue, S. E., Washington, D. C.

Fraternally,  
GEORGE W. KATES,  
Secretary.

Nearly everyone of us is figuring on having a fine time just ahead when we get all fixed, and this vision is just ahead of us when we fall asleep. To live in the now and enjoy the present is the work of a philosopher.

## The Companion as a Christmas Gift.

Nobody is too young, nobody too old, to enjoy reading THE YOUTH'S COMPANION. For that reason it makes one of the most appropriate of Christmas gifts—one of the few whose actual worth far outweighs the cost. Welcome as the paper may be to the casual reader on the train, at the office, in the public library, it is, after all, the paper of the home. The regularity and frequency of its visits, the cordial sincerity of its tone, make for it soon the place of a familiar friend in the house. Like a good friend, too, it stands always for those traits and qualities which are typified in the ideal home, and are the sources of a nation's health and true prosperity. Is there another Christmas present costing so little that equals it?

On receipt of \$1.75, the yearly subscription price, the publishers send to the new subscriber all the remaining issues of THE COMPANION for 1907 and the Four-Leaf Hanging Calendar for 1908 in full color.

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